the session, though the committee had to regret that in consequence of the illness of the Rev. F. Bosworth, A.M., in which they had deeply sympathised, there had been for a short term (during the latter part of the session), some interruption in the work of his department. The extent to which the students had profited by the studies of the session ought, as usual, to appear from the reports of the examiners, and the committee had reason to believe that, if circumstances had not prevented most of the examinations from taking place, the proof of industry and progress would at least have been equal to previous years. Unhappily, however, a fortnight before the annual meeting, a zymotic disease made its appearance in the college, which, having more or less affected several students, rendered it essential to the health and safety of the rest that the session should immediately close. Acting, therefore, on the opinion of two medical gentlemen, both members of the committee, the students were requested, by a unanimous resolution of the committee, to return to their friends as soon as possible. In consequence of this, the usual examinations could not be held, except in Mr. Bosworth's department and Dr. Meissner's, which had been concluded before the serious outbreak of disease. A considerable part of the report was devoted to the pecuniary condition of the institution. The secretary had endeavoured, during the past year, by an extensive personal canvass, and a considerable amount of travelling, to obtain new or enlarged subscriptions, as well as generally to press the claims of the college on the attention of the churches. The committee were gratified to learn that he had been greatly aided in his work by many ministers and friends, who had accompanied him in his canvass, and that he had received many expressions of sympathy with the position of the college, and many generous responses to his appeal. The amount of new subscriptions thus far obtained was £322 18s. 6d. The committee, however, thought that an additional £100 per annum of subscriptions was required to put the institution in a proper position. The balance-sheet of the treasurer (Mr. J. Eyre) showed a balance in hand at present of £62 1s. 1d. The various resolutions were then moved and seconded by the Revs. Dr. Leechman, Dr. Gotch, E. A. Claypole, W. Cross, E. Webb, and by Messrs. W. Horsey, P. Adams, G. C. Ashmead, &c. A vote of thanks having been accorded to the chairman, the Rev. T. S. Crisp offered prayer, and the proceedings terminated. Subsequently the friends dined together at the Athenæum lecture-hall.

Rawdon College, Leeds.—The services connected with the closing of the session were held on Wednesday, June 22nd; being the sixtieth anniversary of the Northern Baptist Education Society. At two o'clock, a very large number of ladies and gentlemen, including most of the members of the committee, from Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the surrounding counties, assembled in a tent which had been erected for the occasion. The President, the Rev. Samuel G. Green, B.A., took the chair, and in a few words introduced the business of the afternoon. Devotional exercises were conducted by the Rev. C. Larom, of Sheffield, after which the annual report was read. The report enumerated the subjects of study pursued during the session, and gave at length the results of the examinations. The testimonies were impartial and full, and in general very satisfactory. The number of theological students during the year had been twenty-three, of whom six were leaving, five having already accepted unanimous invitations to settle with vacant churches. To supply the vacant places, six probationers had been chosen by examination from nine candidates, who had themselves been selected from fifteen applicants for admission. A number of additional applications had been received, sufficing, if all should prove worthy, to fill the college for the next two years. Under these circumstances, the enlargement of the building seemed likely to become before long a practical question: although an enlargement of annual income must precede the admission of an increased number of students. The report concluded by a deserved tribute of respect and gratitude to the Rev. Henry Dowson, who, since the year 1840, has most efficiently discharged the office of honorary secretary to the college, but who now, from the pressure of engagements, added to impaired health, has been led to tender his resignation. The several resolutions, appointing the officers, committee, &c., were moved and seconded by Drs. Acworth, Evans, and Brewer; Messrs. Illingworth and Akod, of Harrogate, A. Brown, of Liverpool, and J. Barber, of Nottingham; the Revs. A. M'Laren, H. Dowson, A. M. Stalker, W. F. Burchell, H. J. Betts, C. Larom, and T. Lomas. The Rev. J. P. Chown was cordially and earnestly invited to take the honorary secretaryship of the institution, and the Rev. W. Walters to give the annual address to the students next year. After the transaction of business, an

exceedingly well-written essay, on "The Miracles of Christ considered as a Revelation," was read by Mr. W. H. Tetley, one of the seniors leaving college. The Rev. A. M'Laren, B.A., of Manchester, then delivered an address to the students full of practical counsel, urged in a spirit of brotherly sympathy, and enforced with characteristic energy of phrase and brilliancy of illustration. In the evening a yet larger assembly was convened in the same place for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to the Rev. Henry Dowson, in acknowledgment of his long and valued services as honorary secretary. The gift consisted, first, of a noble portrait of Mr. Dowson, by J. F. Bird, Esq., of Leeds, to be placed in the college library: secondly, of a splendid drawing-room timepiece, with candelabra; to which was added, thirdly, a cheque for a sum of money (nearly £30), which remained of the subscriptions after the above purchases had been made. The Rev. Dr. Acworth, in suitable terms, presented the portrait; T. Aked, Esq., senior treasurer, the timepiece and appendages; and W. Stead, Esq., junior treasurer, the balance of money. Mr. Dowson returned thanks in a very earnest and admirable address, in which he reviewed the period of his connection with the college, expressed his entire satisfaction with its present position, and assured the meeting of his continued co-operation, so far as strength should be given him, in all matters connected with its interests. The venerable Dr. Godwin brought the proceedings of the anniversary to a close by offering prayer, and pronouncing the benediction.

EVERTON, LIVERPOOL.—On Monday afternoon, July 4th, the Rev. C. M. Birrell laid the foundation-stone of a new Baptist chapel in Breck Road, Everton, Liverpool, in the presence of a large and respectable assemblage. The building is intended for the congregation now worshipping in the Athenæum, Brunel Street, which has outgrown the accommodation there afforded. The cost of the land and building is estimated at £6,000, of which about £3,500 has already been subscribed. The proposed building will consist of a chapel, measuring internally 66 feet by 50 feet, with an entrance vestibule 12 feet wide and 50 feet long, in which the staircases to the galleries are intended hereafter to be placed. At the further end of the chapel, behind the pulpit, there will be a semi-circular apse, from which doors communicate with the vestries. In the apse is placed the baptismal font, which extends back the full depth of the recess, leaving a flight of steps leading down into it opposite the door of each vestry. There will be two vestries behind the building, each 17 feet by 15 feet; under the one to the right hand will be an apartment containing the heating apparatus for warming the building. The exterior of the building will be of a plain character, the decoration being confined to the openings. The building will be of brick, with dressings of Stourton stone, the windows having boldly-covered jambs in stock brick, with semi-circular arched heads. Bands of stock brick are also carried round the building at intervals. The entrance to the chapel will be through three doors, each seven feet in width, decorated with three-quarter shafts, with carved capitals, supporting semi-circular moulded arches, and having a flight of six steps. In front of the gable will be a small round traceried opening, for ventilation to the roof. The school-room will be placed in the rear of the chapel. It will be 50 feet long by 27 broad; will have two entrances; will be lit by large windows, and be generally in accordance with the style of the chapel. A hymn having been sung, and the Rev. H. S. Brown having offered up prayer, the Rev. F. H. Robarts (minister of the congregation intending to remove from the Athenæum to the new chapel), addressed the Rev. C. M. Birrell in a few kind and appropriate words, and presented him with a trowel with which to lay the stone. Mr. Birrell then gave an address, in which he related some very interesting facts in connection with the history of the Baptist cause in Liverpool. He also laid the stone with the usual ceremonial. In the evening, a tea-meeting was held in the school-room underneath Myrtle Street Chapel, the Rev. H. S. Brown presiding. The speakers were the Revs. C. M. Birrell, E. Mellor, and F. H. Robarts, Mr. J. R. Jeffery, Mr. N. Caine, and Mr. S. B. Jackson. The proceedings were closed with prayer.

WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.—On Tuesday, July 5th, the memorial-stone of the new school and class-rooms in connection with the Baptist church, was laid by James W. Sully, Esq., of Bridgewater. The building will provide on the ground-floor a lecture-room 45 feet by 27, and 15 feet high, lighted by six pair of circular-headed windows, and two single windows at the south end. The entrance to the lecture-room is 13 feet by 12. Infant school-room on the ground-floor, 29 feet by 12. On the upper floor there will be ten separate class-rooms, eleven feet in height, spacious landing, and a passage communicating with the gallery of the chapel. The whole of the rooms will be

heated with hot water from the basement. The entire plan has been arranged to meet the requirements and practical working of a healthy Sunday school, and to secure accommodation for the infant, the youth, and the adult. After the laying of the stone, addresses were delivered by Mr. Sully, the Rev. G. W. Humphreys, Mr. Pollard (architect), Mr. Haddon, the superintendent of the school, and by Mr. W. D. Horsey, jun. At five o'clock, upwards of 400 friends sat down to tea, given by the ladies of the church and congregation. In the evening, a public meeting, presided over by W. D. Horsey, Esq., was held in the chapel. At this meeting, addresses were delivered by the chairman (who stated that his recollection of Sunday schools in Wellington extended to about fifty-five years); by the Revs. J. Price, of Montacute; R. James, Yeovil; J. Le Conteur (Independent), of Wellington; H. V. Cowell, B.A., of Taunton; C. O. Munns, of Bridgewater; and E. Webb, of Tiverton. It is expected that the school-rooms, together with the land, will cost about £1,000. Towards this sum nearly £600 have been given and promised.

COLNEY HATCH, MIDDLESEX.—The foundation-stone of a new chapel in this place was laid on Tuesday, July 5th, by Joseph Tritton, Esq., who delivered an able address. In a bottle put in the stone, a document was enclosed, giving a short record of the origin and progress of this infant cause, and of the measures taken to erect this, the first Nonconformist place of worship, in this village. The small room where the friends have met for worship has been inconveniently crowded, and is totally inadequate to meet the spiritual necessities of the neighbourhood. Last October a Christian church was formed, which, whilst recognising believers to be the only subjects for baptism, and immersion to be the only scriptural mode, admits to communion and fellowship all professing disciples of Christ. The chapel is calculated to seat 310 persons, and will probably cost nearly £1,300. The ground, which is freehold, has been paid for; this cost £200. Tea was provided in a tent, at which about 160 sat down. After tea, a public meeting was held in the tent. The Rev. J. Fleming, of Kentish Town, took the chair. An historical account, somewhat more in detail than that placed in the bottle, was read by Mr. D. James, and a financial statement by Mr. Terry. Up to that evening the amount in hand was only about £170; and, of this sum, it was stated that a Churchman had contributed £50, as an incentive to others to assist. Several ministers and friends afterwards addressed the meeting. Amongst these were the Revs. Arthur Hall, W. Brock, jun., F. Wills, J. Marks, W. L. Brown, and Messrs. A. O. Charles, Puget, Goodyear, Ryder, &c. Before the meeting closed, the cash received, and promises given, amounted to £311.

ARTHUR STREET, CAMBERWELL.—In commemoration of the three years' pastorate of the Rev. Samuel Cowdy at Arthur Street Chapel, Camberwell Gate, a tea and public meeting took place on June 28. The spacious school-room was filled to overflowing, class-rooms, and all. The report stated that the three years had been a season of peace and prosperity. New galleries had been erected, and were filled with attentive hearers. Addresses had been delivered every Lord's day to the schools by the teachers, and once a month by the pastor; and seventeen had been transferred to the church from the schools; 3,600 tracts distributed; 127 needy sick persons visited and helped; 70 poor mothers assisted under peculiar trial; £299 7*s.* 2*d.* distributed to needy persons; £611 13*s.* 3*d.* collected towards the chapel debt, all over and above all ordinary collections. 170 had been added to the communion of the church, the present number being above 400. The schools, sick visiting society, tract association, Dorcas society, young men's Berean association, their essays, Scripture studies, courses of lectures, and Gospel preachings; and the ladies' Bible-class, their studies, written essays, &c., all came under thankful review. It was stated that no less a sum than £150 per annum was received regularly in the Sunday school savings-bank, and again chiefly withdrawn for clothing and other purposes. Many speakers addressed the assembly—both speakers and people being filled with devout gratitude to Almighty God for His great goodness manifested to the cause, and with cheering hopes in reliance on the Lord for the future.

STAFFORD.—Several interesting services have been held in connection with the opening of the new chapel, Stafford, for divine worship. The services commenced on July 4th, when two excellent sermons were preached by the Rev. W. L. Giles, of Birmingham. On Thursday evening, July 7th, a powerful sermon was preached by the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool; and on Lord's day, July 10th, two instructive sermons by the Rev. J. P. Carey, of Wolverhampton. On Monday, July 11th, a tea-meeting was held in the Market Hall. A large number of

persons sat down. The public meeting was held in the chapel. The chair was occupied by Mr. J. Brown, senior deacon of the church. The Revs. W. H. Cornish; W. Jackson, of Bilston; G. Swan (Independent); T. Chapman, of Birmingham; and T. Chalmers (Independent), appropriately addressed the meeting. This chapel, the foundation-stone of which was laid by J. Hopkins, Esq., of Birmingham, on Easter Monday last, is neat and commodious, and is capable of accommodating about 500 persons, without galleries. At the commencement there remained £400 debt on the site and school-room. This, together with the new debt incurred, amounted to about £850; towards which a bazaar was held on June 21st and 22nd, the proceeds of which, together with the collections and subscriptions, amount to about £370; leaving about £480 to be provided for.

RAMSGATE.—Cavendish Chapel, Ramsgate, having been closed for the last six weeks, has undergone very extensive alterations and repairs, and is now one of the most commodious, comfortable, and elegant places of worship in the neighbourhood. The cost of the alterations is £300. The place was reopened for divine worship on the 7th of July, when the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, preached two very powerful sermons to overflowing audiences. The collections after both services amounted to £50. On Sunday, the 10th, the reopening services were continued, when two very eloquent sermons were delivered by Signor A. Gavazzi, and £20 was collected. On Monday evening, July 11th, Signor Gavazzi delivered a lecture on "Garibaldi," and thrilled and delighted his audience whilst he described the character and private life of the great hero, and traced his public career as a patriot and warrior. These descriptions were the more interesting on account of their being given from personal knowledge of the character and career of the great Italian liberator. The collection after the lecture amounted to £6 6s., making a total, from the whole of the reopening services, of £76 6s.

TALYBONT, CARDIGANSHIRE.—A most interesting meeting was held at the Baptist chapel, in this place, on Friday, June 17th, when the Rev. H. C. Parry delivered a very instructive lecture on "The Life and Character of Roger Williams." At the conclusion of the lecture, the Rev. D. H. Rees, pastor of the adjoining Independent church, who acted as chairman on the occasion, presented Mr. Parry with a purse containing nearly £15, as a testimonial from himself and congregation, as well as the members of the Baptist congregation, of the high respect in which he was held, both as a gentleman and a Christian minister, and of the deep regret which was universally felt at his departure from amongst them to take the pastoral charge of the Welsh Baptist Church at Tottenham Court Road, London. The Rev. T. Hopkins, pastor of the Baptist church of Cwm Symlod, followed in the same spirit, as did John Pughe, Esq., F.R.C.S., and J.P., of Aberdovey. The friendly testimonial thus made to a most worthy Christian minister was delivered by Miss Owen, of Talybont. Several influential friends, in addition to a large mixed congregation of all denominations, were present on the occasion.

WATFORD.—On Monday evening, July 4th, a crowded tea-meeting was held in the Corn Exchange, Watford, to bid farewell to the Rev. C. Bailhache, who has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church in Cross Street, Islington, after a ministry at Watford of five years. Mr. J. Chater, the senior deacon, was called to the chair, and opened the proceedings with appropriate remarks. Mr. J. J. Smith then addressed the meeting and Mr. Bailhache, and concluded by presenting him with a chair and a purse of fifty sovereigns, as a token of the affectionate regard in which he is held by the members of the church and congregation. Mr. Tidcombe presented to Mrs. Bailhache a gold watch, also as a token of esteem and gratitude; and to Mr. Bailhache an elegant ornament was presented by Mr. Kingham, from the senior girls in the Sunday school. The meeting was also addressed by Mr. Brush, of Leveaden; the Rev. Dr. Hurndall; the Rev. W. Emery; and Mr. Heaton, of London. All the speakers referred, in kindly and appropriate terms, to Mr. Bailhache's zealous and successful labours at Watford, and expressed their hope that he would be greatly prospered in his new sphere of labour.

CROSS STREET, ISLINGTON.—On Tuesday evening, July 19th, a most interesting and crowded meeting was held in Cross Street Chapel, Islington, for the purpose of recognising the Rev. Clement Bailhache (late of Watford) as pastor of the church in that place. The Rev. Henry Allon, chairman of the Congregational Union, presided, and opened the proceedings with some appropriate remarks. After devotional services, conducted by the Rev. Theophilus Lessey, Mr. Brook (the senior deacon of the church) stated briefly, but

in an interesting manner, the circumstances which had led to Mr. Bailhache's settlement, referring specially, and in terms of deep affection and sympathy, to the affliction which had deprived the church of its late beloved pastor, the Rev. A. C. Thomas. Addresses were then delivered by the Revs. Dr. Angus, J. H. Hinton, M.A., A. New, A. Raleigh, W. Miall, and by Mr. Heaton. The Rev. Dr. Edmond commended the church and the pastor to God in prayer. Mr. Bailhache also delivered an appropriate and impressive address. The whole of the proceedings were of the most interesting character, and full of promise for the future both of church and pastor.

COALVILLE, LEICESTERSHIRE.—The Rev. J. Cholerton having been compelled to resign the pastorate of the Baptist church in this village (which he has held since its formation), in consequence of the state of his health rendering his removal to a warmer neighbourhood and lighter sphere of labour necessary, a tea-meeting for the purpose of expressing the esteem in which he is held, and the regret felt at his removal, was held on Monday, July 11th. A very large company assembled for tea, after which an interesting meeting was held in the chapel. Mr. H. Dennis, of Hugglescote, presided, and appropriate addresses, embodying the one feeling of the assembly, were delivered by the Revs. J. Bromwich, of Sheepshed; G. Hester, of Loughborough; J. Salisbury, of Hugglescote; W. Chapman, of Melbourne; and Messrs. Riley, of Mountsorrell; Lacey, Baldwin, and Abbott, of Loughborough. The proceeds of the tea, with donations from friends who were not able to be present, amounting to the handsome sum of £17, were presented to Mr. Cholerton, as an expression of Christian sympathy and affection.

BETHEL, LLANELLY.—On Tuesday evening, July 5th, an interesting meeting was held in this chapel for the purpose of presenting to the minister, the Rev. W. Hughes, a token of the esteem in which his character and services are held by his church and congregation. Mr. Hughes has been pastor of this church upwards of twenty years, during which time his faithful and successful labours have gathered round him a large number of friends, who have gladly availed themselves of the opportunity of testifying their appreciation of him and his work. Mr. John Evans was unanimously voted to the chair, and in a few appropriate words stated the object of the meeting. Brief addresses were delivered by the Revs. T. Davies, J. R. Morgan, H. Rees, D. M. Evans, and R. D. Roberts, all of whom expressed the pleasure which they felt in taking part in the meeting. Mr. Rowland Morgan, one of the deacons, then offered for Mr. Hughes's acceptance a purse containing the sum of £51, which was acknowledged in suitable terms, and the meeting terminated.

WEST ROW, WILLENHALL.—The jubilee of the Baptist chapel in this place was celebrated on Thursday, June 22rd, when deeply interesting services were held. In the afternoon, a very powerful and appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. C. Elven, of Bury St. Edmunds, after which several hundreds of people assembled upon a plot of ground opposite the chapel, when the foundation-stone of a house for the minister was laid by the Rev. J. P. Lewis, of Diss, who also delivered an address. After partaking of a very excellent tea, kindly given by the ladies of the congregation, the numerous assembly adjourned to the chapel, and listened with devout attention to addresses delivered by the Revs. C. Elven, J. P. Lewis, W. W. Cantlow, of Isleham, and W. Lloyd, of Barton Mills. In order to maintain a resident minister at West Row, the friends are compelled to build a dwelling-house, as the number of houses is altogether inadequate to the wants of the population, and the minister for some years past has been compelled to occupy apartments.

SUTTON-IN-THE-ELMS, LEICESTERSHIRE.—On Tuesday, June 21, the Baptist chapel in this place, which has for the last hundred years been the meeting-place of one of the oldest Nonconformist churches in the kingdom, after undergoing extensive repairs and alterations, was reopened for public worship, when two able sermons were preached, that in the morning by the Rev. J. Martin, B.A., of Nottingham, and that in the evening by the Rev. J. Mursell, of Kettering. Dinner and tea were provided on the spot, under a spacious marquee. In the afternoon, select pieces of sacred music were performed by the choir, and several brief addresses given, the Rev. J. P. Mursell, of Leicester, presiding. And on the Sunday following, June 26th, two excellent sermons were preached by the Rev. T. Lomas, of Leicester. The proceeds of the services amounted to £40. The improvement effected in the chapel is so great, that it called forth the admiration of all present who knew the place in its former state.

KIDDERMINSTER.—On Monday, June 27th, a tea-meeting was held in the music

hall, which brought together some 500 persons of every denomination of the town, to help the Baptist friends in their building fund for a new chapel. After tea, Alderman Turton presided, and the Revs. T. Marsden, B.A. (Independent); S. Dunn, of Atch Lench (Baptist); W. Symonds, of Pershore (Baptist); and Thomas Fisk, the pastor of the church, suitably addressed the meeting. The situation of the old chapel is acknowledged on all hands to have been, for a length of time, most disadvantageous, either for gathering or maintaining a congregation, and the church having, through the liberality of one of the Kidderminster manufacturers, an offer of a capital site in the centre of the town, at once felt it their duty and interest to accept it. About £550 have been already collected and promised, and the pastor will thankfully acknowledge the aid of all who feel interested in the extension of Christ's kingdom.

CANTON, CARDIFF.—On Tuesday, 5th July, the Rev. S. C. Burn, late of Bristol College, was publicly recognised in Hope Chapel, Canton, Cardiff, as the pastor of the church meeting for worship in that place. A sermon on "The Principles of Congregational Dissent" was delivered by the Rev. N. Haycroft, M.A., of Bristol. The usual questions were asked by the Rev. T. Michael, of Halifax, who also offered the ordination prayer. The charge to the minister was delivered by the Rev. F. W. Gotch, LL.D., resident tutor in Bristol College, and was founded upon 1 Cor. iv. 2. A sermon to the church and congregation was preached by the Rev. E. Probert, of Bristol. The Revs. A. Tilly and R. Griffiths also took part in the service. Dinner and tea were provided in the school-room beneath the chapel, and between these repasts, addresses were delivered by the Revs. Dr. Gotch, T. Michael, G. Howe, A. Tilly, E. Davies, Nathaniel Thomas, — Wills, and other friends.

THE FREE TABERNACLE, NOTTING HILL.—This commodious place of worship was opened on Thursday and Friday, the 23rd and 24th of June, when sermons were preached by the Rev. B. W. Noel, M.A., Rev. F. Tucker, B.A., and the Rev. Dr. Edmund. Upwards of 300 persons partook of tea on the Thursday evening, after which a public meeting was held. Captain Bailey took the chair, in the place of Sir M. Peto; and suitable addresses were given by the Rev. J. Offord, the Rev. W. G. Lewis, the Rev. J. Spurgeon, the Rev. J. Stent, and others. Mr. Varley, the pastor of the above, was formerly a member of the Rev. B. W. Noel's church, and has, jointly with his father-in-law, defrayed the entire cost of the building, £2,000. The church now numbers about 100 members, and if the various agencies in connection with it continue to prosper as they have done, it is likely to prove a great blessing to the neighbourhood.

HIGHBURY HILL, ISLINGTON.—On July 17th, was formed at Barnsbury Hall, Islington, by the Rev. J. H. Hinton, M.A., a church consisting of thirty members. For the use of this church it is intended to erect a place of worship on a piece of ground obtained for the purpose at Highbury Hill. At their first meeting, held on Monday evening, Mr. Hinton was chosen unanimously to the pastorate of this church.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.—The Rev. B. P. Pratten has (on account of ill-health) resigned the pastorate at Guilsborough, Northamptonshire.—The Rev. L. B. Brown, of Berwick-upon-Tweed, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Salthouse Lane Baptist church, Hull, and began his stated labours there on July 24th.—The Rev. Philip Ballhache, of Salisbury, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church at West End, Hammersmith, lately under the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Leechman.—The Rev. J. B. Brasted has resigned his charge at Andover, and is now open to an invitation to a vacant pulpit.—The Rev. J. Field, from the Metropolitan College, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the South Portland Street Baptist church, Glasgow, to the co-pastorate, in connection with the venerable Alexander Mc Leod. Mr. Field commenced his stated labours on Sunday, the 19th of June.—The Rev. J. Hirons has been obliged, on account of personal affliction, to resign the pastorate of the Baptist church, George Street, Hull, on which he so lately entered. His retirement and its cause are the subject of deep regret, both to the church and to Mr. Hiron's ministerial brethren in the country.—The Rev. T. Evans has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church at Waterford.—The Rev. C. Williams, of Accrington, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church worshipping in Portland Chapel, Southampton, to become their pastor. It is expected that he will commence his labours about the end of September.—The Rev. H. Ashbery, of Sheffield, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church in Wellington Street, Luton, Beds.—The Rev. J. W. Ashworth has resigned the

pastorate of the church meeting in King Street, Oldham; and has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church meeting in Broad Street, Pershore. —The Rev. E. Bott, of Barton Fabis, has accepted the unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Tarporley, Cheshire, and will commence his labours on the first Lord's day in August. —The Rev. Harris Crassweller, B.A., of Woolwich, has received an invitation from the church at St. Mary's Gate, Derby, and has consented to become its pastor on the first Lord's day in September; until which date, however, he does not relinquish his connection with the church at Woolwich.—The Rev. T. A. Binns has, in consequence of the delicate health of Mrs. Binns, resigned the pastorate of the church at Warwick.

GENERAL.

SECTARIAN PERSECUTION IN YORKSHIRE.—In the somewhat obscure village of Harden, a few miles to the west of Bingley, a system of religious persecution has been adopted, which, in these days of boasted freedom and liberality, we should have deemed hardly possible, if we had not the information most satisfactorily authenticated. During the past four weeks, Messrs. Samuel Watmuff and Co., mohair spinners and manufacturers, of Harden, have given about seventy of their hands (children and adults alike) the alternative of leaving the Church school and Church service or losing their employment; and as the nearest point where the spinning hands can get other employment is at least two miles, the tyranny bites keenly. No reason whatever has been assigned for the step, even to those who have gone straight to Mr. Watmuff himself; the question has been put—"Do you purpose to continue to attend the Church school service?" and in all cases where the reply has been in the affirmative, prompt dismissal has been the result. One man replied that he had never entered the room where the service was held. "No matter," was the reply, "your mother has!" The mother in question is a widow, and her two children were at once thrown out of employment. In the course of the following ten days nineteen scholars had left their work, and had sought and obtained employment, mostly with the Messrs. Sharp, of Bingley, who, indignant at these proceedings, kindly offered to take all hands who came to them; and six teachers were similarly provided for by Mr. Ramsden. Of course, it is not all parents who will voluntarily send their children through all states of the weather two miles or more daily to work, and thirty-one children and three teachers, sorely against their inclination, have been obliged to leave the school. The shameless persecution is still going on. Last Saturday a girl, a weaver, was dismissed in the usual way. The mother went to see the master. "Is she still going to the Church school?" was the question. "Yes." "Then I won't have her." On Monday an overlooker was discharged, and on Tuesday another weaver, both on precisely the same ground; so that the statement of a contemporary that "the religious edict has been withdrawn" is quite untrue.—*Leeds Intelligencer.*—[It will be seen that the above is taken from *The Leeds Intelligencer*, which is a Tory paper. It is to be hoped that the statement admits of some explanation. We condemn such intolerance when it is perpetrated by members of the Establishment; we condemn it equally when it is perpetrated among ourselves. We are not told to what denomination Messrs. Watmuff and Co. belong.—EDS.]

Editorial Notes for the Month.

Two grave questions have been settled since last month: the first, whether England shall go to war on behalf of Denmark; the second, whether Lord Palmerston shall yield the reins of political power. Both questions have been answered in the negative; and it is not too much to say that, in both cases, the answers have been fully in accordance with the wishes of the country. There are few among us who do not sympathize with Denmark; but there are not many who, on her account, would plunge the country into a continental war. There are few who are fully

satisfied with Lord Palmerston, few who are not dissatisfied with his anti-reforming and anti-popular tendencies; but we must all become very much dissatisfied indeed, before we consent to replace him with Mr. Disraeli.

Meantime, Denmark, without our help, seems to get on better than she did with it. Although the conflict was renewed at the beginning of the month, after a few days an armistice was again agreed on; and now it is probable that peace will be finally made, on a basis on which will be settled for ever the questions that have been so long in dispute. Perhaps it may be found that Denmark is better off without either Sleswig or Holstein; she will certainly be better off without a terrible Sleswig-Holstein question ever keeping her on the verge of war.

Parliament has been again prorogued, and noble lords and honourable gentlemen have gone to their rest. We hope they will enjoy it—more than they deserve—for we cannot congratulate them on any great results from their legislative labours. We do not remember a session in which so little has been done, nor one in which so little has been even attempted. When will the day of political indifferentism pass away? Will it die only with its great apostle, Palmerston?

During the month much excitement has been caused by an awful murder in London. We refer to the murder in a railway carriage on the North London Railway. The occurrence has directed renewed attention to the question, whether we shall remain without any mode of communication between railway passengers and guards. It is a strange and awful thing, when we think of it, that passengers should be at the mercy, sometimes for hours, of a murderer or a madman, without any power of calling for help. After this occurrence, and others that have been heard of lately, we do not think that the public will be content without a remedy being found for this admitted evil.

Since our last, the General Baptist Association has held its annual meeting, and most of our colleges have also held their anniversaries. All the colleges present favourable reports. At one of them—that at Rawdon—a well-deserved testimonial of esteem was presented to the retiring Secretary, the Rev. Henry Dowson. The General Baptist Association meeting was a very satisfactory one. We only regret that our space does not enable us to furnish a report, which has, however, appeared at length in *The Freeman*. The General Baptist Mission is, we regret to say, suffering from a financial difficulty. The Committee report a debt—large for them—of upwards of two thousand pounds. May we suggest that it would be a graceful and a kind thing, if, what we must call "the other section of the body," were to aid them in their emergency? Such aid would be not only a proof of love—it would be also a bond of union. The Orissa Mission is dear to us all. Never was it conducted with greater efficiency, and never did it more deserve the sympathy of all Christian people. We venture to assert our belief that, if an appeal for half the amount of the debt were made to the larger section of the body, and *if that appeal were properly and efficiently worked*, it would not be made without results. Our own pages, at least, are open to aid an effort that would have all our sympathies.

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DENOMINATIONS AND DENOMINATIONALISM.

THE man who is going to be hanged is scarcely an impartial person to ask "why sentence of death should not be recorded against him." He naturally sees very sufficient reasons why not, and very insufficient ones why yes; and the inarticulate gasp in the judge's face, which is the convict's ordinary answer, is as much made up of amazement at the idea of his death being a question at all, as of horror at the prospect of its swift solution. So our reply may not count for much to the inquiries, Are denominations, as a whole, nuisances deserving of abolition? Is the Baptist body, in particular, worthy of death? But, whether with any effect on the judgment of the court or not, we should like to have a word or two to say on the matter.

It is recorded of the "varmint" whom St. Patrick "evicted" from Ireland, that at last

> "The tastes committed suicide
> To save themselves from slaughter."

Some of our friends seem to think that the best thing denominations can do, as such, is to follow that example, and all jump in together for company. We must respectfully beg to decline these gentle persuasives to self-destruction. We by no means feel denominational organizations to be "varmint," and especially we see very good reason why we, who practise believers' baptism by immersion, should still exist as a separately-organized body. We think we have a good deal to teach society and the church, which can best be taught by such separate existence; and we conceive that till the special truths of which Baptists seem to us to be the special guardians, be far more thoroughly wrought into the conscience of the church in general than they yet are, the Euthanasia of the Baptist denomination is undesirable and impossible.

As to the general question of denominations, we should be prepared to maintain them to be inevitable; perfectly consistent with the unity of the church; fruitful of many blessings; not necessarily attended with any

curse; and, for all these reasons, presumably the divinely-intended mode for the church's growth and full appropriation of all the truth as it is in Jesus. The formation into distinct organized communities of men agreeing in opinion, in rites of worship, and in forms of church order, is but the necessary result of the diversity of view which must spring up even in that great body which has one Spirit for its Teacher, and one Book for its Law; and of the law of human association, which ever draws like to like, and requires community of conviction as the basis of community of action. So long as the Water of Life takes in its plastic fluidity the mould of the vessel which contains it; and so long as the Light of the World shines through many-coloured souls, which tinge with their native hues its white radiance; and so long as the one inspiring and interpreting Spirit condescends to condition his operations by the cast of the spirits he quickens; and so long as Christian men need to express their beliefs, and are refreshed by the society of those who hold with them; so long will denominational organizations be the most natural mould for the life and faith of the church to run into. Given diversity of opinion, you have but a choice of results. Either the retention of all divergent convictions within the pale of a formal unity, or else the far more natural and kindly open avowal of the fact, and the expression of it in distinct yet kindred bodies. The Church of England is an encouraging specimen of the results of the former course. The mutual affection of a Jowett and a Denison; the harmonious concourse of sweet sounds from the four-and-twenty blackbirds who sing from the episcopal bench; and all the amenities of *The Record* and *The Christian Observer*, are a fair practical comment on the plan of not allowing differences of opinion to lead to distinct Christian societies, for fear of breaking the unity of the church. Malice, envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness; the narrow heart and the evil eye; the virulence of party controversy, and the pride of exclusive possession of all truth; these are the sharp swords that hack the one body into fragments, and not the simple association into an ecclesiastical whole of like-minded Christian men. The unity which is spiritual can neither be broken nor preserved by externals. The existence of denominations has had its mighty gains. It has concentrated and made a power of the interest which would otherwise have been spread thin over a vague extent, and wasted. It has brought into prominence special truths and particular forms of Christian service; or life which could only be won for the whole body by being first of all the peculiar treasure of a part. The great law of God's natural working we may expect to find magnified and made honourable in his church. There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all. And if the highest unity is found in the combination of all the diversities of individual gifts, what is there to contravene the extension of the principle, and the declaration that the highest unity is to be found in the harmonious diversity of kindred churches, each possessing its own special function, each reflecting, in its own fashion, under the guidance of God's Spirit, the one light? That such will be the permanent condition of the church, we do not believe; but that such is the divinely-

appointed path to that permanent condition, we do believe. There are truths for all in the heritage of each; there are errors in each to be corrected from all. As yet, the churches of Christ, in John Milton's grand organ music, "go up and down, gathering up limb by limb," of the mangled body of truth, "as they can find them." "We have not yet found them all, Lords and Commons, nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming; He shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection." Till then it appears to us that the existence of separate denominations will be an inevitable thing; and we accept the necessity, not as an unavoidable evil and half a sin, but as a good thing.

The degree of stringency with which unanimity shall be enforced within a community; the limits within which the right of constituting distinct societies shall be restrained; and the relation which the denominations, when formed, shall bear to one another; are subjects quite separable from the main question, and on which our position imposes on us silence in these pages. But we cannot help believing that it is to erroneous principles and an un-Christian tone of feeling on these points, that existing denominations owe it that their right to live is being seriously questioned by some of the best and truest men in each body. The constant tone of objectors is, "Narrow, bigoted, interferes with freedom of Christian sympathy, exalts a fragment of truth into a whole." All this is quite true, but such evils are not a necessary result of denominations. They would flourish in as rank luxuriance if there were no hedges in the field of the church at all. They owe their origin to the soil, not to the hedges. We have often wished that we had two words like the German "mystik" and "mysticismus," or the English "self-love" and "selfishness," to express the legitimate and the illegitimate action of denominationalism. There are two distinct things which go under this formidable name—the one deserving of condign punishment, the other an innocent, virtuous personage. The latter runs some risk of suffering for the crimes of his namesake; and all we have to say why sentence should not be passed against him is simply—*It is a case of mistaken identity. You are going to hang the wrong man!*

But, can we, as Baptists, show cause for our continuance as a distinct body? To that question we turn for the remainder of this article.

The only way to destroy a denomination, is to supersede the necessity for it by the universal diffusion throughout the church of the truth it may have to tell, or of the spirit it may embody. It is immortal till that work be done. The Pantheistic dream of absorption into the great *all* is true of the death of Christian societies. They mingle with and flow into the whole church, and so cease to be. The Society of Friends, for instance, seems to have almost arrived at that point. But we are a long, long way from it yet. Passing over altogether the question whether our views of baptism, an external rite, do or do not necessitate the existence of separate communities agreeing in that practice, there are other grounds on which we arrive at the conclusion that we have a special function to perform, which demands for its

due performance the prolongation for many a day yet of our denominational life.

Because of our views on the question of baptism, we stand marked out as the special guardians of the great principle of the *individualism* of Christianity. The union by purely personal acts of the single soul to Christ, as if no other beings were in the universe but they two only; the church as a community, founded on the intensely-solitary acts of individual faith and repentance; the resulting sacredness of individual conviction, and almost mystic grandeur of individual character; the consequent absolute freedom of the Christian man from every shackle—a freedom by Christ, a freedom for Christ: these—the very foundations of the Gospel doctrine of the true worth of manhood—are allied more homogeneously with our polity, and uttered forth more clearly by our distinctive practice, than by that of any other section of the Christian church. And while we rejoice to see how deeply the grand convictions which such words express are being inwrought into the substance of the belief of other churches, and blending with the general thinking of society at large, we need not shrink from saying that the work is not yet done; nor from recognizing, with all humility, as of those whose duties make them lowly rather than their honours elated, that of all Christian societies not one stands on such vantage-ground for sounding out wide and loud these mighty truths, as the one whose very initial rite is the plainest declaration that by his own individual faith alone does a man come to Christ; that so coming alone, he dies to all his old life of dependence on self, and on men after the flesh; and that thereafter he lives the life of Christ on earth, hidden from men, owning but one Lord, though many brethren.

To us as Baptists is further committed the guardianship of that other large truth—the entire freedom of the church from all authority save only Christ: Christ in his own proper person, and Christ speaking by his apostles. The Roman Catholic at one end of the scale, and the Baptist at the other, occupy self-consistent positions. What lies between is more or less compromise. The authority of the church, as a continuous, present fact; that is intelligible at all events. No authority beyond the recorded word; that is intelligible too. He says the first; we say the last. What do our friends between say? One cannot always hear clearly; but we hear some slight hesitation in the principle, and some stammering in the defence of their practice in regard to Baptism in its light. We know that large masses of our brethren say most heartily along with us—No authority beyond the Bible; but again we say, Baptists stand on vantage-ground all their own for the proclamation of the truth. Is it wrought into the conscience of society and the church yet? Rather, is it not *the* truth which the ecclesiastical and intellectual world wants more than ever, that it may be a release from the slavery of articles and canons on the one hand, and from the worse slavery of an understanding that will own no Lord at all nor any revealed truth on the other? While one set of our countrymen are floundering among the pitfalls and sloughs of a theology of consciousness and intuition, and another are pinned up in the rocky defiles of

cramping creeds and traditions, that body has a task to do whose distinctive peculiarity is based upon the utter rejection of all authority for practice or doctrine beyond after the last page of Revelation, and the unrejecting acceptance of the authority of all before that, even down to the retention of an unpleasant and unpopular rite.

Our space is exhausted—our readers, too, we fear—so we must break off here. Let us add one word. Our strength may become our weakness. It does amongst us sometimes. Our individualism tends to become offensive crotchetiness and porcupine isolation. We have amongst us perhaps more odd people, more unamiable people, more people who have their special "point" to stick into you in season and out of season, than any other body of Christians. We want a good deal of teaching how to unite. Baptist denominationalism does not mean love for the body, but it means vehement, often extravagant love for the principles. In all matters of conjoint action, we have much to forget, and much to learn. We are a kind of Bashi-Bazouks—a body, inasmuch as we do not belong to any other regiment, but every man rushing out of the ranks and fighting as he likes. We are a "stuff set," as an old Scotch lady once remarked to us with huge complacency. So we are, and a trifle more sometimes. Our rejection of all ecclesiastical authority tends to become an irreverent, unreasoning contempt for, and neglect of, the past ages of the church, which yet had Him with it always, and ought to have our love, our memory. But after all faults, we look to the Baptist churches of England as having a special work to do in this day; and whilst we love the all-embracing truth most, we do not think we show our love for it most wisely by affecting indifference about any other; nor that we are on the right road for realising the purpose of God from the beginning, the prayer of Christ when the shadow of Calvary was beginning to lie pale on his brow, and the longing of all good men ever since—the unity of the church—when we go towards it through the ruins of the many mansions of the Father's house on earth, where the one family dwells, and where all might "dwell together in unity."

THE LONGEVITY OF THE FIRST MEN.*

A PHENOMENON which does not fail to arrest, at times, the observant student of the Holy Scriptures in the reading of the first pages of Genesis, is the long duration of the life of the first men. How astonishing and mysterious these existences, which prolong themselves very far beyond the bounds of life to-day assigned to mortals; these careers which perpetuate themselves during seven or eight generations, and which permit a man to see himself reproduced in his remote children's children; these venerable patriarchs, who, during very near a thousand years, have assisted in the pageant of all that has passed since the beginning of the world, and who are themselves the living history of an entire epoch!

To disembarrass himself of a fact which to him seemed incredible, Varro,

* Translated from the French of Grandpierre.

cited by Lactance (*De origine erroris, L. II., cap.* 12), thought of reducing the biblical years to simple months, supporting himself by the customs of the Egyptians, who measured the duration of time, not by the revolutions of the earth around the sun, but by those of the moon around the earth. According to this calculation, a life of eight or nine hundred years, is found reduced to one of eighty or ninety years. But this computation is evidently inadmissible. It is, first, contradicted by the biblical chronology itself. How can we doubt that with the Hebrews the year was composed of twelve months, of thirty days each, when we find Moses, in the history of the deluge, giving to us the detail of the months and days during which this destructive scourge continued? And then, it is overthrown by the difficulties it creates, and the impossibilities it accumulates. If the years, according to Moses, instead of being composed of twelve months, number only thirty days, Seth begat his first son at the age of eight years, Enos at the age of seven years, and the longest of the patriarchal lives, that of Methuselah, does not reach beyond ninety years. Who can believe this? So then, to rid ourselves of perplexity, we complicate the difficulty that we wish to remove. In short, if we incline to the opinion of Varro, all the chronology of Moses is overthrown, and the period which lapsed from the creation to the deluge has no longer any settled measure which we can make to accord with history; the foundations of historic certitude are subverted.

Let us cling, then, to the commonly-admitted interpretation; let us not depart at all from the orthodox belief; and let us admit, in all its extent, the longevity of the patriarchs as it is presented by Moses.

In this position we have tradition, first, to confirm us. All the historians and ancient poets agree in their representations of these lives, as passing away mild and peaceable, free from the cares of life, exempt from fatiguing labours, screened from those long and cruel diseases which exhaust the constitution, and which bring in their train a precocious old age. Chaldeans, Phœnicians, Egyptians, Greeks, are unanimous on this point; and it was not only during the continuance of the golden age, but also during the period of the age of silver, as they assure us, that men attained to a long and happy old age. If we believe the poet Hesiod, who embellished the tradition of his epoch, man at a hundred years of age was yet young, during the centuries which formed the age of silver.

And in the thing itself, what is there so surprising in the generally-admitted opinion? Are not all the inductions in its favour? Whether we set out from the biblical point of view, or place ourselves on the ground of reason, the belief in the longevity of the first men has in its favour more probabilities than the contrary belief. We shall not have much difficulty to convince ourselves of it, in view of the following reflections.

Man, as he went forth from the hands of his Creator, possessed a sinless soul, and a healthy body: he had no physical infirmity, no moral stain. The most perfect organs were in the service of a pure soul, which no passion had yet agitated. Sin comes, breaking the union of man with God; it shatters also the union of man with nature, and overthrows the perfect equilibrium which existed between the faculties of the soul and the forces of the body. Passion once awakened, the nervous system is shaken, the blood is heated, disease is produced, and step by step it brings death. But this work of destruction was not wrought in a moment. It advanced slowly and steadily. It gradually undermined that powerful constitution which the Creator had made to last for ever. Adam, in continued innocency, would never have died. It is the teaching of Scripture. If, in God's design, he was not to remain always on the earth, he would have been transferred, at the termination of a period which it would be hazardous to determine, into a better abode, but without any necessity of passing through the terrible ordeal of death. But now, in destroying a constitution so

vigorous, in reducing to dust a body so strongly organized as was that of the first man, how many years, how many centuries even, might not pass away! It would be astonishing that an organization so magnificent, as from Scripture and from reason we may suppose was Adam's, should have fallen at the first shock. It would be inconceivable that the direct, immediate work of the creative power, should have yielded to the first attacks of disease; and that Adam, a sinner, and his first descendants, sinners with him, should not have lived a longer time than sinful men in our days. The oak of the forest does not fall under the first blow. The roots which sustain and strengthen it, and which are to spread the sap in all its branches, endure a longer time than its leaves and its fruit. The plant is pierced at its root by the gnawing worm, but it preserves sufficient of life to support itself and to remain. The poison of sin had insinuated itself into man's physical and moral being. But there must be a considerable lapse of time ere it shall enter into all their parts, corrode all their organs, penetrate to the seat of life, and consummate the final separation of the soul and the body. And this lapse of time is found in the seven, eight, and nine centuries which history has assigned as a limit to the life of the first men.

These long lives continue until the deluge. From this epoch the duration of human life sensibly diminishes. Because, on the one hand, human corruption had made amazing progress and frightful ravages, as is seen in the reading of the fourth, fifth, and sixth chapters of Genesis; and because, on the other hand, our globe, without doubt singularly modified by the terrible catastrophe which had submerged it, was no longer as favourable as before to the preservation of human life; we can very reasonably suppose that, after this, many causes concurred to abridge the existence of men. While before, pure air, a cloudless atmosphere, a frugal life, healthy food, and simple habits, probably contributed to maintain and to fortify the principle of life, that same life was now found assailed and enfeebled by the action of the most formidable agents, leagued, in some manner, to make war upon it. Thus the accumulation of burning sands as in the Great Sahara; the formation of immense morasses on many maritime coasts; the sudden alternations of cold and heat; excess of humidity, of snow and of ice in certain countries, and of drought and heat in others; infections, miasmas, originating in corruption, or venomous animals quickly following an inundation so dreadful, which had left the *débris* of the dead; all these, and other causes, doubtless, would work in concert, and end in considerably reducing the bounds of human life. Perchance, in the origin of the world, man lived only upon vegetables and fruits, and these sufficed to repair the powers of the constitution in all the vigour of a continually renewed youth. But perceiving his powers weakened by slow degrees, he found the need of modifying his alimentary regimen, and of adding to plants, which had almost wholly composed his first sustenance, the food of animals. Although man was organised to be carnivorous, yet nothing is opposed to the admitted fact, that he did not employ, from the beginning, the granted privilege, and that in providential designs he abstained from the flesh of animals, until it had become indispensable in sustaining his enfeebled life. But the evil was done, and the wisest precautions no longer sufficed to guarantee the most robust of men from the attacks of an even premature death.

Add to the reasons which we have just given for the longevity of the first men, an argument which we may call providential. This longevity was necessary to preserve ancient traditions pure. Were any of the natural reasons wanting which we have given, that which we are about to develop would suffice, it seems to us, to resolve the difficulty of the problem. At an epoch when the scarcely-formed primitive language only began to attempt speech, when no trace

of literature yet existed, when industry and art in a state of infancy did not permit the construction of monuments destined to perpetuate the remembrance of deeds, when the almost exclusively pastoral or nomadic life of the first tribes was incompatible with a high degree of intellectual culture, of what importance was memory as almost the only means of retaining the recollections of the first ages! The patriarch of the family supplied in himself the absence of books and of institutions, and was to it solely the science and the literature of the age. His mission was to guard carefully all moral and religious revelations, all social traditions, all the remembrances of history, all the gifts of language. His was the entire trust of general instruction. The longer he lived, the longer were the treasures of future generations, concentrated in his person, preserved intact and pure. But, on the contrary, the more generations multiplied, the more did the archives of humanity, whose keeping had been confided to him, run the risk of being altered and lost. But admitting that sin did not produce in the lives of the antediluvians the same results as in those of the men who have succeeded them,—the moderate period of whose lives being at the number which Moses indicates,—then Divine Providence has provided the most excellent means of assuring the perpetuity of the primitive revelations given by God to the first father of the human race.

We will judge by an easily-established calculation. Adam, who lived 930 years, died only 126 years before Noah's birth, and might live fifty-six years with the father of this patriarch. Noah himself, whose career was 950 years, left the world only seventy-six years before Abraham's birth; and between the death of Abraham and the birth of Moses not more than 250 years passed away. Then between Adam, the head of the human race, its first patriarch and prophet, and Moses, the first of the inspired writers, there were from three to four generations only. So that, even admitting the hypothesis of those who think that Moses, after ancient documents preserved by oral tradition, or by the means of writing, has committed to writing the history of the creation, of the first man, the deluge, the tower of Babel, and the dispersion of the people, what confidence should not inspire documents which might so easily reach him without falsification! And how can it be doubted that under the Divine inspiration, which enlightened his thought, directed his judgment, and guided his pen, he has made the best use of those materials placed at his disposal by the families of the patriarchs? The father of Noah had without doubt seen and conversed with Adam; Noah, in his turn, could see the father of Abraham, and could transmit to him revelations, which from that time were faithfully kept in the family of the patriarchs, even to the very moment when Moses, called from on high to the holiest of ministries, came to ineffaceably engrave and to perpetuate to the end of time the great remembrances of the creation, and the weighty instructions of primitive times.

What importance, then, in this point of view, does not the question of the longevity of the first men acquire! And how painful is that mocking infidelity which, without any reason, is pleased to deny or to turn into ridicule averred facts, solely because it cannot receive them within the narrow bounds of its limited capacity!

But the providential argument which we have just presented can be seen in still another point of view. The earth, prepared for the abode of man, was to be peopled as promptly as possible in its principal parts. Otherwise, it was exposed to be covered with forests, to be filled with wild beasts, its land to be changed into heaths and morasses, and even the atmosphere which surrounded it was exposed to change. To avoid all these evils, for whose disappearance many centuries could scarcely have sufficed, a rapid propagation of the human species was necessary, and not less indispensable was it that men increasing

should come by degrees to people the surface of the earth. And how could this end be more properly attained, than by giving a length to human life which should permit growth and extension to each family until it should become a tribe? And, admitting that the physical causes above indicated were not sufficient to prolong the existence of the first men, how can it be denied that the Creator in his wisdom and power could find means to supply them? But that which was a blessing for the sixteen centuries which precede the deluge, would have become an evil for those that followed it. The longevity necessary to people the world, would have become a scourge, had it remained after the world was peopled. Accordingly, at this epoch, God pronounced that the days of man should be no more than 120 years; and the author of the ninetieth psalm complains that already in his time the limit of human life did not exceed seventy years, and the most vigorous did not live beyond fourscore.

Thus Scripture, tradition, the nature of things, reason, and providence, all unite in convincing us that there is nothing fabulous in those antediluvian existences whose genealogy Moses has preserved, and that their considerable length has nothing in it which should astonish men who believe in the inspired Word, and who make a legitimate use of reflection.

ON HOLIDAYS.

"All work and no play,
Makes Jack a dull boy."

"And God did rest the seventh day from all his work," is the grand primeval recognition of a principle which can never be forgotten or ignored with impunity. Alternation, more or less regular, of labour and rest, is the great law on which all healthful activity and all real enjoyment of life will be found universally to depend. Constant rest is as impossible as constant labour. It ceases to be rest the moment it has restored to the system what labour had taken from it. Like sleep or food, mere cessation from work answers no purpose, if it does not meet a real want. That want is created by exertion; so that if there be not exertion of some kind, rest becomes unattainable; and the *ennui* resulting from idleness is the inflictor of greater suffering and wretchedness than the most assiduous toil. On the other hand, the wear and tear of muscle and brain must not go on without intermission, or for too long a period at one time, or physical exhaustion and mental prostration and maniacy or death must inevitably ensue. The waste of tissue must be replaced by food, the exhaustion of force must be restored by rest, and the whole wondrous mechanism moves on as before: but you may as well essay to maintain the greatest degree of energy of the body without food, as that of the mind without repose. In fact both are equally necessaries of life. With this exception, perhaps, that the stomach is more clamorous in its demands than the brain. It cries for ever, "Give, give!" while the other will sometimes lose its power to ask and to work at the same time. In these days of ever-increasing bustle and strain, there sadly needs some one to preach this doctrine, and to preach it loud enough for all to hear. Sirs, you are living too fast. You are wasting life in the use you are making of it. You are

subjecting it to a tension it cannot safely bear. You want to get more out of life than nature has seen good to put into it, and more than you give yourselves time to replenish. Hence your brain grows old and your heart weak before their time; and you are dying of apoplexy, paralysis, and kindred diseases, at a rate which would have astounded your forefathers, and ought to alarm you. Don't you know that, even on this low ground, your strength is very literally to sometimes *sit still*? Your *strength*, I say, for you will be able to work all the better, as well as to keep at it all the longer, if you will allow your overtaxed faculties proper time to recover themselves, and not work a willing horse to death.

All this anent the subject generally. That the intervals of exertion and repose must measure each other with some degree of accuracy from day to day, Nature herself teaches with an authority which none can wholly neglect. But this is not precisely our point. If it were, old Mr. Grindemdown might with some show of reason reply, "All that is true enough; and don't you get your six hours' sleep every night, and your hour for dinner, and your half-hours for breakfast and tea, and your few minutes after supper, every day? And what do you want more? Surely here is rest enough for all but the incorrigibly idle." But, my dear Mr. Grindemdown, the good old rhyme speaks of PLAY, and shows that your Jack will turn out a dull boy without a little of that. Most likely the wheels of your dry old heart have been so long clogged with gold-dust, and the cavity of your miserable old skull stuffed so long with scrip and bank paper, that you forget what play means; but do you think Jack's heart and brain, without any such causes to affect them, are in the same state? I'll tell you what it is, old fellow; Jack is the great world around you, and every healthy man in that world; and they must have time for play as well as work, or it will be so much the worse for the work as well as for the world by and by.

Rather a roundabout way of coming to the subject of holidays, murmurs the reader. Not at all, dear reader. So far from that, it brings us to it by a very short cut. Why, is not our little holiday the only time for play that many of us get during the course of the whole year? Is it not all work, with that exception? And are not those amongst us, who cannot command such an interval once in the twelvemonths, condemned to the condition of dulness without a prospect or a hope of deliverance? And yet you expect them to be bright and lively, just as if they had enjoyed the due modicum of play every year! Poor old Dobbin, you send him to the mill every day all the long year round, and you give him a little bran, or chaff, or cut straw and hay, and water now and then, and expect him to be gay and frisky as any colt turned out into clover in the neighbouring field! I tell you it cannot be. If you make Dobbin a mill horse, and treat him like a mill horse, he will be as dull as a mill horse, don't you doubt it. How can he be otherwise with his poor old head for ever going round and round there, with the same objects always before his weary old eyes, the same sounds constantly in his ears, and the same ground always under his feet? Dull! Of course he is dull. And you would be dull, were you in his place.

And how many *are* in his place! There is the man to whom you hope to listen with interest and profit next Sunday. New subjects, new methods of treatment, new thoughts, new trains of thought—life, energy, fire—all these, and more, you expect from him; and yet have you ever considered how long he has been doing this sort of thing as best he could, either without change or without sufficient change to have any appreciable effect in giving fresh vigour to his mind, or any change of direction to his thoughts and feelings? No, he is grinding spiritual corn for you, and that is all you think of or care about. You want to have your sacks full of flour, and your larders full of bread, and your tables always abundantly supplied, and if poor Dobbin gets his hay and water, thank heaven, all is well. Grass! what can the old horse want with grass? And as for an opportunity of kicking up his poor old stiff legs (a thing which every donkey wants to do occasionally), and tumbling and rolling his old body on God's green earth, and snuffing the fresh air, and taking a gambol now and then with his younger and more fortunate compeers, what can be more absurd? Let him stick to his mill, and eat his hay, and turn out all the flour he can—that is his business in this world. Very well, only don't expect him to be lively and frisky, that is all. You make and keep him dull, and should never look for anything but dulness from him.

What would the Baptist Union think of sending a printed form to all the ministers of the denomination, requesting information on this subject? It might be drawn up in some such fashion as the following:—

To the Rev. So-and-So.

Dear Brother,—Please to answer the following queries, and return this paper to the Rev. J. H. Millard, Secretary of the Baptist Union. You will find a stamped envelope enclosed.

1. How long have you occupied your present pastorate?
2. Have you had a Holiday during that time?
3. If so, have you had more than one? and how many? and of what duration?
4. When did you last enjoy such a privilege?
5. Have you to supply your own pulpit when from home?
6. Have the goodness to state the number of your family, and the amount of your stipend.

The replies to such inquiries, could they be procured, would constitute a revelation for which few, we believe, would be prepared. Many of our pastors never get a week's respite from incessant labour in the course of a number of years. And these are, as a rule, the very men who most need, not only occasional cessation from toil, but change of scene, being occupied in small towns and villages, where the current of thought and intelligence always flows sluggishly, and where all are too apt to stagnate together. In larger places, not only do the churches give more liberal salaries, but there are generally some kind, thoughtful, and large-hearted members, who have the minister's comfort sufficiently at heart to see to it that he shall not be overwrought, or suffer from want of relaxation and change. Besides, in such places ministers themselves are usually in a position that enables them to refuse to have their noses held for ever to the grindstone. They look upon it as a duty which they owe to their people as much as to themselves to have an annual term of absence from

the scene of their daily anxiety and toil. And after a few weeks spent at the seaside, or in rambling over the mountains of Wales or Scotland, or in a trip to some part of the continent, they return to their flock and their labours with renovated health and spirits. Nor can it be reasonably doubted for a moment that what has thus been lost to their people in mere time, is now much more than made up to them in the freshness and the energy which their pastors are enabled to throw into their work.

It is not in the interest of ministers alone that we make this appeal on their behalf, but quite as much in the interest of the churches they serve. For right sure we are that all the good they get goes directly to the account of those churches. If, after ten or eleven months of anxious and ever-recurring labour, a minister of Christ goes away, worn and jaded, to seek rest and recreation; and then, after a few weeks, returns to his duties, replenished in energy and vigour; will anybody tell us that his congregation will not be sensibly and greatly gainers by what he has gained? Why, he will be like a new man amongst them. His very voice will have a freshness in it. The new glow of health upon his cheek will cheer every real friend that looks at him. While the restored force of his mind, the buoyancy of his spirits, the animation of his heart, and the new furniture of his imagination and fancy, will help to return manifold more to his church and congregation than all they sacrificed in losing him for a season, in order that he might undergo this delightful process of recuperation.

But it is not very uncommon, in some quarters, to have representations of this kind met by the objection, "But *we* never have a holiday. We stick to business all the year round, and can never get away for a little recreation. We have been so many years in business, and have never had a holiday yet." That is most likely your own fault, my dear Mr. Objector. You may get away if you like. You are your own master, and have only yourself and your own interest to consult. It is not so with your minister. Unless the church enables him to go, he is absolutely pinned down to his work. You, too, are working for yourself: he is working for you. You have a direct pecuniary stake in all the hours of your labour, and you know it; so that it may be a mere dictate of self-interest that keeps you at work, and leads you to abstract as little as possible from the time devoted to it. It is not so with him. His work can be done all the better in every way for occasional intervals of change and rest. Above all, yours is not a mental employment. It may, as most likely it does, demand much attention, and inflict a severe tax on your sagacity and patience; but it requires no great amount of study, and subjects your nerves and emotions to no very painful strain. It is precisely otherwise with him. His is not only a specifically intellectual work, but one in which his heart is often intensely exercised. He has to make the cares and sorrows of pretty well the whole congregation his own. A day seldom passes over him without bringing him some new perplexity, difficulty, or anxiety; and many of these from sources of which you, in the nature of things, can know nothing. Could you place yourself under his burdens for a single week, you would come to understand easily

enough why he needs more than you do opportunities for recruiting his bodily and mental powers. If he is to do with pleasure and efficiency (and he will not do it with efficiency if he does not do it with pleasure) the work you require of him, he must be furnished with means and occasions to recover the elasticity and spring of his nervous and mental energies.

Even for the present year, it is not quite too late to call the attention of the churches to this subject. Doubtless many of our pastors who are so circumstanced as to be enabled to obtain a holiday once in the course of the twelvemonths, have already enjoyed, or are now enjoying, that delectation. But there is time left for those who are not thus favoured. What benefits may they not yet secure from this bountiful, beautiful, breezy month of September! Will the church over which they watch think of them? A little arrangement will supply their pulpits for the time; a little generosity will make their purses comfortable. Many young people, Sunday school teachers and others, read *The Reporter*. Dear young friends, has your pastor had a holiday this year? If not, never mind what the excellent Mr. Curmudgeon says, think of him. A few pounds would enable him to go to the seaside, or to some watering-place, or perhaps into Wales or Switzerland, for three or four weeks. And a very little more would enable him to take Mrs. Matthew with him, which would be a great additional comfort to him, and a special mercy to her. Now, say this September shall not pass without his having the means of doing so. You can do it if you like. And then, when he comes back, how happy you will be when you observe how much better he looks, and how dear Mrs. M. has improved; and all this because you did not forget him, but did your best to put it into his power thus to do himself and you good. In this way your kindness, like mercy, will be twice blest: it will bless him that receives it, and you who show it. It will be fruit that shall abound to your account.

GOD'S ACRE.

In that original and suggestive book, modestly entitled "Guesses at Truth," it is maintained that the use of the plural pronoun "we" argues more egotism and self-consciousness on the part of an author than if he wrote in the singular number. Whether this is correct, or incorrect, shall be left with the reader; but in the remarks which follow, it will be seen that, as they have an obviously personal character, their expression harmonizes with them by being personal also. I shall speak of myself as I. No solemn conclave, learned guild, or influential body corporate, is, in this instance, at least, supposed to lurk behind a tremendous "we," and address itself to the public with awful "us." On the contrary, as Gray phrases it, "One to fortune and to fame unknown," simply jots down, in a little leisure, some thoughts which have done him good, and which he hopes will not do others harm.

Some people have a morbid predilection for churchyards and burial-grounds.

They are never more at ease than when sitting on a daisy-decked grave, under the shadow of a sombre yew-tree. Stepping to and fro among the many mounds, they find a strange satisfaction in reading the names, dates, and inscriptions of the various stones and monuments. They remind one of the Gadarene, that "dwelt among the tombs." Now, while I have no sympathy with this extreme partiality to mural localities, I must acknowledge that now and then I like to visit them. There is one belonging to a certain town in Leicestershire for which I have a peculiar fondness. My occasional vacations from professional duties bring me into its neighbourhood, and I often visit it. It is a cemetery; so tastefully laid out, and kept in such admirable order, as to look more like a beautiful garden than the home of the dead. Situated far from street and market-place, on a tract of rising ground, it commands a picturesque view of the surrounding country. In the foreground, field and meadow, tree and hedgerow, meet the gaze; while the background is furnished in a long range of rugged forest-hills, which stand out in sharp outline against the sky. Thither I like to go, and, as I wander up and down with the pleasant consciousness of having nothing particular to do, give myself up to such impressions, and such trains of thought, as are most naturally suggested by what is seen and heard.

One thing that has struck me repeatedly, in walking through this cemetery and the like places, is, that *all dead people are good.* Most of them are very good. Many of them are good in the superlative degree. So the epitaphs say. Husbands are faithfulness itself. Wives are the perfection of affection. Adults are angels. Children are cherubs. The first must surely have kept their marriage vows to the very letter. The second must have been models of what woman should be; finished specimens of her vast capacities as regards manifold excellencies. The third were, one would think, as innocent and free from guile as the youngest of the fourth-named class. As for the latter, they were evidently too pure to be detained in such a world of misery and evil. Yonder is an elaborate monument to somebody who filled, for a number of years, a certain civic office. Judging from the eulogy written thereon, you would suppose that he had done nothing less than sacrifice himself, body, soul, and spirit, to the weal of the borough. Here, again, is a tribute of affection to a minister. What a man he must have been! A Demosthenes for eloquence; an Aristotle for learning; a Paul for heroism; a Peter for zeal; a John for love: nothing less. Never can the sacred precincts of the chapel in which he ministered resound with the voice of his equal. "We ne'er shall look upon his like again." If the master of a workhouse or reformatory is commemorated, it is as one so assiduous and exemplary in the discharge of his duties that the inmates of the establishment must, on hearing the news of his death, have been like Niobe, "wet with tears."

But perhaps I am too sarcastic. While it is well to reprobate exaggeration on the tombstone, as well as everywhere else, it is well also to remember how much more pardonable it is in the one case than in the other. It is the easy and natural error of affection. We all fall into it, more or less. Death makes us think better of people. It surrounds the faces of those whom we love with a halo of glory, like that of Moses when he came down from the Mount; and so bright is the glory, that we see no longer the defects in feature and faults in expression which we once beheld. The Roman fashion of apotheosis has its root in something of which we are all conscious. Do popes and councils canonize men and women? So do we. Each of us has an intellectual calendar, in which we have put down the names of those whom we have sainted. Yes. The hand that takes from us our friends, takes from us also the memory of their foibles and sins. It puts more prominently before us their virtues and

graces. Tennyson is the only one that has written, but not the only one that has felt thus:—

"But there is more than I can see,
And what I see I leave unsaid,
Nor speak it, knowing Death has made
His darkness beautiful with thee."

This tendency of our nature is good and noble. Amid the thick darkness of human depravity it is a gleam of light. Mankind has many a moral wilderness, but here is a green spot. If it indicates a right disposition to overlook little inaccuracies in a beautiful picture; small flaws in a graceful statue; and occasional blunders in a book written by genius; then it is to the credit of the mourner that he forgets the dark, but remembers the bright side, in the character of him whose loss he mourns. And, without turning this article into a sermon, I would ask, whether it would not make us better, and the world better, if we carried out this course *a little earlier?* Why should we wait until the decease of our fellows, before we live out this broad and blessed charity? Let me habituate myself to think as well of my neighbours as I can; to pass as quickly as possible from their weak points to their strong ones; dwelling upon these rather than those. The great command, the golden rule, palpably involves this. "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." I "would" that "others" should ponder my virtues and holiness instead of my vice and sin; it is infinitely more pleasant to me than any other method of observation. Let me, then, teach them to do so to me by doing so to them.

This is God's way with us. What does He do with repented sins? Not hold them right in front of us to torment us. Not reiterate them to our wearied ears. He puts them out of sight. "I will cast them behind me." "Your sins and your iniquities will I remember no more." Whereas, of the least good in us, He is ever mindful. He does not forget the smallest act of purity or usefulness. "Him will I confess before my Father," said the Saviour, when alluding to the out-spoken and courageous disciple. God adverts in no scant terms of eulogy to the righteousness of His servants; it is only over their shortcomings that He draws a veil. Let all harsh-judging and censorious people lay this to heart. The human jackal, that will not suffer a carcase of iniquity to lie buried in the grave of oblivion, but scents it when afar off, tears up the earth, and, dragging out the moral putrescence, exposes it to public view again; the ecclesiastical and social vulture that, wheeling round and round, pounces down upon a certain spot, and forces from their hiding-places spiritual and domestic carrion; be it known to these, *et hoc genus*, that they are as unlike God as they can be. Who of us will not pray, "Gather not my soul with sinners" like these?

"O ye who point so often to the herd,
Whose dark and evil works are all unclean'd:
Is there no other than condemning word
For minds untaught, and spirits sorely yoked?
Ye that so fiercely show your warning teeth
At every other being on your way;
Is your own sword so stainless in its sheath,
That ye can justify the braggart fray?"

It is hardly possible to visit burial-places without noticing the different degrees of grief visible there. For example. To my right, yonder, is a spot associated with a scene of sorrow which I shall not readily forget. Dreadful to witness was the exceeding mourning around the cruel, open grave. There was passionate weeping on the part of women; utter silence, rigid features, ominously-pale and ghastly countenances on the part of men gathered there. In the same cemetery, at the same time, no doubt, there were people who once made

quite as deep and strong a lamentation, but who are now calm and tranquil, even near the mortal remains of those so dear to them. What does this mean? This, surely—that *we get over our sorrows*. I hope no one will misunderstand me. I do not say that we get careless about the departed. That human nature loses its affection for the dead, is a creed which I, for one, decline preaching, either here or other-where. It is an unfeeling heresy to maintain that, because a grave is not kept in as good trim as it used to be, therefore the friends of the departed one are not so affectionate as they once were. It is poor logic to reason thus:—Those flowers are not so well tended as they used to be; these shrubs are not looked after as they were before; the place is not visited nearly so frequently as in past days; therefore, some warm heart has grown cold. In one of his books, Mr. Dickens subjects such fallacies to the sharp cross-fire of common-sense artillery.* Talking to a maiden, an old schoolmaster asks, "Do you think that an unvisited grave, a withered tree, a faded flower or two, are tokens of forgetfulness or cold neglect? Do you think there are no deeds, far away from here, in which these dead may be best remembered? Well, well, there may be people busy in the world, at this instant, in whose good actions and good thoughts these very graves—neglected as they look to us—are the chief instruments. There is nothing, no, nothing innocent or good, that dies and is forgotten. Let us hold to that faith or none." Amen, say I, with all my heart.

What is maintained now is the very obvious fact that, however deep and severe our troubles, they do not render life intolerable. Scars may be branded on the soul, and remain there as long as it exists; but wounds heal. Grief finds its level. Certain influences, varied and often quite unheroic influences, take from the sword of trouble its keen edge, and blunt the fine point of adversity's stiletto. When death commits a daring robbery in our homes, we smite our breasts, wear sackcloth, refuse to be comforted, and declare that we shall never be happy again. We are quite wrong; as experience soon testifies. *Wallenstein* was much nearer the mark, when he cried,

> "I know I shall wear down this sorrow;
> What sorrow does not man wear down?"

Wives die; and, for a while, their disconsolate husbands vow that they never can think of being married a second time. And they mean it. They are perfectly sincere. But they are equally mistaken. In the course of years, the band on the hat dwindles down lower and lower; until, at last, that draper's tide of respect has ebbed entirely out. The black edge on the envelopes and note-paper shares a like fate. The mourning ring is at length put away; and the old and more handsome diamond one glitters, as in connubial days, upon the finger. Presently the climax comes. The housekeeper has respectful intimation that her services are required no longer, inasmuch as a wedding is to take place. Pray do not say that this is unkind and cynical writing. If it is, it is because facts are so. I am only putting down what goes on as regularly and really as the world in its orbit. As much may be said about the loss of children. An awful pang, truly, must seize the heart when one's own child lies in the throes of death, struggling with the grim monster, and at last yields in the unequal combat. I often think, as I stroke the golden hair and look into the blue eyes of my little girl (four years old), that if she were to go, I should be like that English king who never smiled after his son was drowned. But this is the voice of feeling. Reason contradicts it. Parents love their children, and believe that when they die henceforth peace is an impossibility. Is it? We all know.

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* *Vide* "The Old Curiosity Shop."

It is well that it is so. This gradual subsidence in the impetuosity of sorrow is the ordination of a kind Providence, who, as Burke says, "knows what is good for us better than we do ourselves." The truth is that, were grief to keep brooding over our souls, the duties of life could never be met and discharged. No. The force and vigour of our souls—so says our Great Guardian—must not be allowed to run too much into the channel of gloomy retrospect. Hard work, imperative work, has to be done; and an unseen hand mercifully braces us up to the doing of it, by gradually lessening the burden of our trouble. "Go forward. Think not so often of the land you have left behind; nor of your brethren's graves in the wilderness. Rise. Make a future Canaan your own." Thus does God speak to us.

I cannot help commending this last-named fact—the partial forgetfulness of our sorrows—to certain sentimental young ladies, and divers lackadaisical young gentlemen. There is a certain period in the experience of us all, when we are subject to attacks of sentimentalism. There is no avoiding it. In a mild or severe form it must come; just as measles and hooping-cough do. But as prosaic, matter-of-fact remedies are always applied to them, so should it be with the mental malady in question. Therefore would I respectfully advise those who are labouring under it to take, as a salutary dose, the thought under consideration. You talk, my dear young sir, in a woebegone tone and style, about oblivion hiding your name and memory when you are dead. You, too, my dear young *mademoiselle*, go and do likewise, don't you? You wonder whether you will be often remembered and much mourned when you are gone. Several replies might be given. In the first place, it would be kind and wise to advise you thus: Do something worth remembering; something that shall insure your being remembered; something that shall so lay others under tribute to gratitude as to make it almost impossible for you to be altogether forgotten. The generous and simple piety of a certain woman at Bethany, who broke a "precious box of ointment," may suggest the way in which you may do this. But what if you *are* sometime forgotten? It is a pernicious thing to be so self-conscious in all that we do, as to keep wondering how it will tell, now or hereafter, on those around us. Not thus is magnanimity born. Never mind if, ever and anon, we are forgotten. Let us do our appointed duties honestly, fill our appointed places conscientiously, and leave all the rest. There is a song which was popular when I was a boy,—the words, I believe, by Thomas Moore,—"Those Evening Bells." One verse runs thus:—

> "And so 'twill be when I am gone;
> That tuneful peal will still ring on,
> While other bards shall walk these dells,
> And sing your praise, sweet evening bells."

The bard cannot but remember how things will go on when he is dead. They will fall into their old places. Others will be where he once was, and do what he once did. "What of that?" he seems to ask; "why should it not be so? what reason have I to complain?" He was right.

The space which I have allotted to myself is nearly full. I will close by recommending my reader to go, now and then, to some place of sepulture. If it is a quiet country churchyard, with the fluttering of birds, and the murmur of the wind in the trees, sombre shadows here and bright sunbeams there, all the better. At any rate, avoid the wretched, unkempt, dirty enclosures, within whose precincts some desecrate their dead. There is little need to increase the gloom of the last enemy by such revolting associations as are supplied by the necropolis of stupidity, ignorance, or avarice. Seek a better locality than that; and then give yourself up to the thoughts and feelings which it involuntarily arouses. They will be useful to you. Looking at the few feet of soil occupied

by the sons of men, you will hardly fail to say within yourself, "This, then, is the end of all that is of the earth, earthly. Here the mad race of Mammon, the endless vagaries of Vanity Fair, and the sordid joys of selfishness, terminate;" and the next words will be words of prayer that you may be enabled to live for something vastly higher. People may ridicule "meditations among the tombs," if they like, but if they only knew more of those meditations by experience, they would ridicule them less. Such reflections cannot but make us more single-hearted and earnest. Some years ago, I visited an English monastery. Among other things, I was shown into the graveyard. There I beheld an open grave, and by the side of it a young monk, apparently lost in thought. Now, of course, I do not recommend the literal adoption of a plan like that; but, surely, if in imagination we sat by the side of our graves, the graves that may receive us sooner than we expect, we should be more vigilant in serving both God and mankind.

God's Acre. Let us, for encouragement, remember that such is the churchyard and the cemetery—God's Acre. Ever and anon, it seems gloomy and horrible to us; a dark, dark city of the speechless dead, and an awful home to reach. But do not forget what it is—it is God's Acre. He sees it; watches it; guards it. He permits it. He hallows it with his presence. The day will come when he will reap the grain hidden therein!

Poetry.

WATCH AND PRAY.

CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose;
Hear thy guardian angel say:
Thou art in the midst of foes;
"Watch and pray."

Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thine unguarded hours:
"Watch and pray."

Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Near thee lurks the Evil One:
"Watch and pray."

Hear the warriors who o'ercame,
Marching on their joyful way,
Still with warning voice exclaim:
"Watch and pray."

First and chiefest, hear thy Lord,
Him thou vowedst to obey:
Hide within thy heart his word:
"Watch and pray."

Watch, as if on thee alone
Hung the issue of the day:
Pray, as all by God were done:
"Watch and pray."

Reviews.

Work and Play. By HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D. Author of "The New Life," "Nature and the Supernatural," &c. London: Strahan & Co.

THOSE who have read the two works associated with Dr. Bushnell's name on this title-page, will turn with eagerness to this new volume by the same thoughtful and accomplished author. Nor will they be disappointed. This book, though in some senses of a lighter and more desultory character than those to which we have referred, exhibits, equally with them, its author's special characteristics of thought and style. It consists of a number of lectures or addresses delivered on different occasions during the last twenty years or more, and now first published in a collected form. The title of the book is that of the first article in it, given, as the preface explains, "partly because the volume must have a name, and partly because the matter of it represents the spontaneous overplus and literary by-play of a laborious profession." The essay which thus appropriately gives its name to the whole book, is not altogether new to English readers, having appeared in one or more of our periodicals. Our own attention was first drawn to it by the singular and not very creditable fact, that a somewhat distinguished D.D., from London, announced to lecture in a city in the West of England on "The Dignity of Play," treated his audience to a *verbatim* and unacknowledged reading of this very paper; the true authorship of which we very soon afterwards discovered. Whether the other articles in the volume have been previously published in this country, we do not know. We can only say that they are quite new to us.

Dr. Bushnell shows himself in this book to be possessed of two qualities of mind not often found together, unusual versatility, and an utter inability to be satisfied with superficial views of any subject on which he writes. He discourses on questions of mental and moral philosophy, of social history and progress, of natural science, architecture, music, politics, and religion; and discourses of them all in a manner which, whatever may be said of it, can never be called common-place, and which is often thoroughly philosophical and profound. An earnestly-devout spirit, too, pervades the whole book. The first essay, to which we have referred already, goes deeply into the relations of "Work and Play," vindicating for the latter a place of honour which will surprise those who have been accustomed to regard it as only another name for idleness or frivolity. The second, "The Age of Homespun," which the doctor designates "a secular sermon," is a genial and interesting reminiscence of a state of social life fast disappearing from the earth, but whose beneficent effects on individual and national character cannot be too warmly acknowledged, or too sacredly cherished. Then we have another secular sermon, on "The Day of Roads," in which, from the universal road-making propensities of our time, inferences are drawn as to the future history of the world, which rise almost to the confidence and rapture of prophecies. The era of the fulfilment of some of them, at least, must, one would think, seem to the author more distant than when he uttered them eighteen years ago. The civil war in America has dimmed the brightness of many a millennial dream. There are some words in this essay, on the ecclesiastical signs of the times in England, which may well interest and encourage those who labour for the emancipation of religion from secular entanglement and bondage. "The Growth of Law" is, perhaps, the most elaborate paper in the book, and the one in which, if we were disposed to controversy, we should find most to question. It contains much important truth, but seems to us to overlook many facts and considerations by which the conclusions announced would be considerably modified. Architects might sit with profit at the feet of our Doctor of Divinity, while

he discourses of "City Plans." In "Life or the Lives" he ably and conclusively asserts the existence of a vital principle, distinct from the organized structure of living beings. The titles of the two remaining essays, "The Doctrine of Loyalty working itself out in America," and "Religious Music," sufficiently explain the purpose and character of the essays themselves; and the brief summary we have given of the contents of the book will serve to give some idea of the varied interest of those contents;—enough, we hope, to tempt many to buy and read for themselves.

The book gains in interest by being distinctively American. Its nationality gives freshness to many of the views expressed, and raciness often to the manner of their expression. We must add, however, that a style generally clear and pure, and often eloquent in a high degree, is marred by the not infrequent occurrence of Yankeeisms, which have, to our English ears, an unpleasant twang of vulgarity. It is useless to quarrel with these modes of speech in an American writer; but we do protest against the imitation of them by authors on this side the water, which is, we fear, growing more common amongst us. And we do venture to suggest that it is pushing rather too far, even for an American, the use of the word "talent," to make use of the grotesque and irreverent inaccuracy—"the talent of the Creator."

We had intended to give some quotations from the volume by way of specimen, but time and space forbid. We must content ourselves with assuring our readers that it is one of the most pleasant and profitable books of its kind we have seen of late; and expressing the hope that many of them will be persuaded by our commendation to share with us the pleasure of its perusal.

God's Way of Holiness. By HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. London: James Nisbet & Co.

To most of our readers Dr. Bonar is known as a Christian poet of no ordinary merit, whose effusions enrich most of the modern collections of sacred song, as well as form some of the best of our recent repositories of beautiful and devout thought and feeling. The Christian poet, however, is also a theologian of mark, and the book before us is proof enough of that. The author's aim is pre-eminently practical, and it admits of no discussions of an abstract nature, except as they bear upon the end in view, which is,—to show that holiness in the Christian is inseparable from his privileges. The position taken in this volume is so well stated in the preface that we cannot do better than quote from it:—

"The way of peace and the way of holiness lie side by side; or rather, they are one. That which bestows the one imparts the other; and he who takes the one takes the other also. The spirit of peace is the spirit of holiness. The God of peace is the God of holiness. If, at any time, these paths seem to go asunder, there must be something wrong; wrong in the teaching that makes them seem to part company, or wrong in the state of the man in whose life they have done so.

"They start together; or, at least, so nearly together that no eye, save the Divine, can mark a difference. Yet, properly speaking, the peace goes before the holiness, and is its parent. This is what divines call priority in nature, though not in time; which means substantially this, that the difference in such almost identical beginnings is too small in point of time to be perceived by us; yet it is not, on that account, the less distinct and real.

"The two are not independent. There is fellowship between them, vital fellowship; each being the helpmeet of the other. The fellowship is not of mere coincidence, as in the case of strangers who happen to meet on the same path; nor of arbitrary appointment, as in the case of two parallel roads; but of mutual help and sympathy; like the fellowship of head and heart, or of two members of one body; the peace being indispensable to the production or causation of the holiness, and the holiness indispensable to the maintaining and deepening of the peace."

The whole book is little else beside the expansion and elucidation of these ideas. The tone, throughout, is of the healthiest kind, and the illustrations from Scripture are full, pointed, and clear. Dr. Bonar, moreover, writes with remarkable precision, both of thought and language: we have not seen an involved sentence all through his book. Our readers will do well to place the volume upon their shelves, and to use it in their moments of devout self-inspection and meditation.

Christian Cabinet.

CHRISTIAN HEROISM IN COMMON LIFE.

Common life is a true and perfect sphere for heroism. There are in the life of every family things that are magnificent and worthy of poetry and history, and that will be chanted in the other life. There are things in the experience of every household that are essentially heroic, connected with the conduct of parents toward their children, and of the children toward their parents, and of the children toward each other. They are not famous, they are not wide-sphered; but, if you measure heroism by the moral quality, by the motive, you will find cradle-side heroism, and bedside heroism, heroisms of distress and poverty, which are as eminent as any heroism that there ever was on the battle-field, or in the council-chamber. Yes, and ten thousand times more so, because they are accompanied with less excitement and less prospect of sympathy and remuneration. For, in the dull night, alone—oh, alone!—at the longest striking of the clock, alone; at its shortest stroke, alone; at its double stroke, alone; at three and four in the morning, alone; with sick babe, and no one to succour, sits the child of fortune, cultured, exquisite in taste, and sensitive in every moral feeling as an angel. At last, the longed-for sound, now hated, of the footsteps of him for whom she waits, comes to her ear; and some miserable, dissipated creature wakes the night; and he comes, rude, and red, and round, stumbling into the room; and she, with every feeling harrowed, with every taste offended, with her whole nature outraged, revolts. Yet, it was the first love, it was the only love, it was the husband of her youth, it was *hers;* and she turns to forget her revolting and her shrinking, to meet him, to quiet him, to lead him to his disgraced bed, to put him to sleep, to kneel while he snores in his drunken slumber, and, amid tears, and prayers, and heart-breaking, and anguish, like another angel of God to him, to implore mercy for him. And not her own mother knows it; not her own father knows it; no companion knows it. With her own life she is hiding his deformity. Now, do you tell me that there is heroism like that on battle-fields, or in council-chambers? And society is full of heroes of love and domestic fidelity. Thousands of them are unknown on earth. They march in ranks and battalions, so that we speak of them in nouns of multitude, as drunkards' wives. All those that, under such circumstances, lift themselves up above the ordinary line of human conduct, are heroic. And God waits for them, and heaven is home-sick for them. Oh, how they will shine there! Perchance, as you see them going through the street, meek and patient, their dress growing more and more rusty, you smile pityingly, and say, 'They are poor drunkards' wives; they were promising once, but they have gone down, down, down; and now they are nowhere.' I beg your pardon, they have not gone down. They have been going up. And when you rise, with all your wealth, and learning, and genius, and stand in heaven, having escaped damnation so as by fire, you may stand lowest, and see them as far above you as the stars to-night are above your heads. For the last shall be first, and the lowest shall be highest.

There are heroes that fight battles besides those that are on battle-fields. Great and glorious men there are on battle-fields, fighting for the life of the country, for the life of liberty, for the life of justice, for the life of law; but there are other heroes besides those. I have seen the fight with poverty. Oh, how long a fight! how cunning the enemy! how sharp his weapons! How dreadful a battle is that which one must fight against poverty, especially if he has to go down in life, and change his circle in society, and, what is hardest of all, change it to the damage of his children! I do not think that a man who is half a man would find any trouble in being poor, if he could be alone. For it takes but little to keep a man alive; and there is you know but

one alternative. A man standing by himself will certainly live, and there will be something to live on till he dies, and it is the best thing about it. The only alternative is, 'If I die, I win: and until I die, I am sure to live somehow.' It does not hurt a man to be poor, if he is alone; but all a man's nerves he carries in the heart of those that he loves, so that when they suffer he suffers; and to take his companion down with him into poverty does hurt him. If they were grown up he would not care. But they are growing up. The boys can take care of themselves very well, and can gain a position in the world; but that the girls should go out into life, and be kicked about like footballs, is too much for him to endure. I need not tell some of you how a man thinks about these things, and how the thought that his family must struggle with poverty cuts like a knife. Last week I met a brother, who, describing a friend of his, said he was like a man who had dropped a bottle, and broken it, and put all the pieces in his bosom, where they were cutting him perpetually. I have seen persons with troubles and cares that seemed like one that had fragments of glass in his bosom, that cut him, and that cut him the more the tighter he pressed them to his heart. Now, where a person that is poor, that is out of health, that is surrounded by many discouragements, and that is made to suffer in various ways, lifts himself above his misfortunes, and cheers his companion and children, and fights want on this side and on that, and bears humiliation, putting it under his feet, without losing faith in God, and saying to all the world, 'I can be poor, and yet be a man'—oh, crown him! You pass him by; but you do not know what you are passing by. Kings sometimes walk incognito, and then they do not wear crowns. There are kings in your streets. There are men walking about in your midst that wear crowns in their hearts, which, if they were to put them on their heads, would shine so bright that you would think twilight had dawned. There are thousands who understand and obey the injunctions of the apostle, when he says, 'Quit you like men, be strong.' I tell you they are heroes; and angels know it, if you do not. And angels know what to write down. When you laid the foundation of that big house, they forgot to record that in heaven. And when the walls went up, and the beautiful apartments were finished, and the whole magnificent structure was completed, of the architecture of which you were so proud, as sure as you live, they forgot to put that down. And when you unrolled your rich carpet, and hung your fine pictures, they forgot to make a note of that. But when that man went down out of his splendid mansion into a fourth-class house, in an obscure street, shedding, it may be, some tears, as a tribute of nature, and gathered his little flock on the first evening around the fire, and made the room bright with love, and faith, and prayer, you may be certain that they put that down. They remembered that. And when that man went on, from day to day, and from week to week, there was not one noble heart-beat, there was not one generous purpose of fidelity, there was not one resistance to temptation, there was not one thing that made him a man in his trouble, that God did not see, that angels did not behold, and that by and by will not be swung in glory in heaven.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

WHAT A LITTLE FLOWER SAID.

THERE was one little flower, born in the desert and breathing out its fragrance there, which was not useless. It saved a valuable life, and taught a striking lesson.

Mungo Park, the traveller and discoverer in Africa, found himself sick, weary, and footsore, and sat down in a desert place to die. There was no friend to comfort him, no food to nourish him, no kind voice to cheer him. He thought of Scotland, his dear home, far away. He thought of his friends, and exclaimed, "O God, must I die here alone in this desert waste?" Despair seized upon him. He had not strength to rise.

Just at that moment his eye caught sight of a tiny flower. He looked at it, inhaled its fragrance, and admired its beauty. It seemed to say, "Listen to me. I am alive here in this desert. God made me, and sent me here to speak to you. I live in this lonely spot, and why may not you? Does God take more care for me, a little flower, than for you, a mortal man? Cheer up; don't give way to despair. Trust in

Providence, and make one more effort to live: for if God so clothe the grass of the field, will he not much more care for you?"

Such was the sermon which this little flower preached to Mungo Park. He listened to it. The weary and despairing man took heart. He felt thankful for the sermon. He made another effort to rise and pursue his journey, believing that God had still a blessing in store for him.

He had not gone far ere the sound of a female voice, singing one of her wild melodies, saluted his ear. It drew nearer. Soon he saw a native woman bearing a jar of water. With instinctive fear she at first drew back; but seeing his sick and wayworn appearance, she smiled upon him, offered him drink, and conducted him to her cot, where she gave him milk and vegetables. The grateful traveller, after this refreshment, laid his tired body on the floor, and she sang him to sleep with one of those wild melodies peculiar to those natives.

So the little flower was *not* "born to blush unseen," nor did it "waste its sweetness on the desert air." It was a memento of God's presence and providence. It saved a precious life by its silent teaching. Who could have thought that so small a thing, in so obscure a place, a thing so frail, so soon to die, could have been an instrument in God's hands of saving man's life? Yet that was its mission.

So the weakest and the most frail may do something for God and man. Let the flower preach to us, as it did to Park. It will tell us never to despair, never to "despise the day of small things." It will rebuke the feeling which says, "I am nothing. What good can I do in the world? I am so obscure, so neglected, so unnoticed, that my influence is nothing." Ah! but listen to the flower. So said not that tiny plant hid far away in the desert. It waited its opportunity. It was willing to bloom and breathe without any eye save God's to look upon it. When the opportunity came, it spoke; and what words of comfort and encouragement it uttered!

Be like that flower, in your patient waiting, in your accepted obscurity. What though you bloom not in the grand garden of some rich man, where many eyes come to admire and many tongues to praise your beauty! If you are where God has planted you, stay there in meek endurance, and shed your odours to his praise. Should some poor sufferer cross your path, and cast a dejected look upon you, be ready with some cheering word. Speak to him of God's love and mercy, and thus send him on his way rejoicing. Never say that you are too small or too obscure to do anything for God or man.

Remember too that He who made the flower and cares for it, cares also for you. Have you thought of this? Have you acknowledged your dependence and been thankful? Like that flower, you flourish in the morning, but are cut down in the evening. Have you laid this to heart, and made due preparation for eternity?

This tiny flower rebuked the despair of the sufferer, and taught him to put his trust in God. How often have we been tempted to exclaim, "God hath forgotten us." But how often has he appeared for us when deliverance or help seemed impossible! The little flower seems to say, "If God so clothe me, will he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

Words of Wisdom for Christian People.

THE OLD MAPLE TREE.

AWAY out in a lonely region of the West, surrounded by lofty mountains on one side and broad prairies on the other, stood a beautiful forest. Many and many years had passed by since God first planted the seeds which had now grown up into such tall and stately trees. All the summer long, bright little birds flitted to and fro in their branches, playing bo-peep with the sunshine as it quivered through the leaves. A tiny brook wound round and round and round through the valleys, and

murmured musically about the roots of the old trees. Delicate flowers nestled in the grass, or nodded along the margin of the stream, filling the air with fragrance; and from their cups innumerable bees loaded themselves with sweets for their hives in the hollows of the old oaks.

Though many years had passed away, the forest had never been visited by man. Yet was it not lonely; for, besides the birds and bees, many other creatures made it their home. Beautifully spotted fawns, and deer with branching horns, nibbled at the young foliage, or drank from the sparkling brook; and other animals, less beautiful and innocent than these, hid in the dark places of the woods, or made war upon the smaller animals. And then thousands of squirrels chirped among the branches, and when the first frosts ripened the nuts, every tree of the forest seemed alive with the merry little animals, busy in laying up their winter stores.

But there was one tree, a huge maple, which stood all alone, the only one of its species, in the very middle of the forest, which was always lonely. Every fall, when the oaks and hickories were gay with their little visitors, this lonely maple would cast longing looks at them, and wish and wish that some of the little squirrels would come and frisk among *its* branches.

Once in awhile, some mischievous little fellow, out of pure wantonness, would scamper up its trunk, play a while among its leaves, and then fly down in a twinkling, and up into the next oak or hickory, where it would sit jabbering and chattering with an acorn or nut in its paws, making faces at the old maple.

Oh! how that poor tree sighed to think that it alone, of all the trees in the grove, was a *useless* tree; that never a nut or an acorn grew upon its branches—nothing but leaves and little brown, butterfly-shaped seeds, which were noticed neither by the birds nor the squirrels.

Every spring, when the ice began to thaw out of the brooks, it could feel the rich life gushing up through its trunk and limbs, and it *knew* there was something more in it than leaves and brown seeds; and every spring it waited and watched, expecting some kind of rich nut or delicious fruit to burst from its branches. But spring after spring it waited and watched in vain. While all its neighbours were burdened with the blossoms for a rich harvest in the fall, it yielded nothing.

The years flew swiftly by, and each one as it passed added to its size and beauty. It might, in time, have grown contented with its lot in affording protection to a few blue and white violets which nestled at its roots every spring, had it not been for the presentiment, which amounted almost to a certainty, that it was created for some better purpose.

At length a change came over the forest. There came to it one day a number of ox teams, drawing great waggons piled up with beds and boxes, and women and children, and with them five or six men and boys, shouting their "gees" and "haws" to the oxen as they drove them through the woods, and halted beside the brook, just across the hill from the maple.

Before many days trees were cut down, cabins built, fences made, and the whole place began to wear a very home-like appearance. The axe and the gun resounded through the woods from morning till night, and merry children made the hills and the valleys ring with their glee.

By and by came the glad days of autumn, when the forest yielded its rich harvest. If the poor maple tree had longed for the companionship of the squirrels, and had mourned because its life was useless to them, how did it grieve when, one bright frosty morning in October, a whole troop of boys and girls, with buckets, and bags, and baskets, came out to gather the nuts which the frost had ripened!

Their home had been in a great city, a long way off, and everything in the country was new and delightful to them. They had just been learning lessons from their older brothers on the form and colour of trees, and were now proud to be able to distinguish the brown heavy oak from the bare branching walnut, and the trim yellow hickory, with as much ease as their brothers.

When they had nearly filled their baskets with nuts, and were almost ready to return home, an exclamation of delight from one of the little girls brought them all together on the top

of a little knoll, where they espied, among the yellow and brown foliage, a single tree covered with bright crimson leaves, looking almost like a flame of fire in the forest.

Certain that they would find some kind of nut or fruit upon it or beneath it, they all set off for the spot, but, after long searching among the beautiful leaves, were much disappointed in finding neither.

The old tree was sadly grieved at their disappointment; all its red leaves quivered with anguish, and its branches drooped in pain. But at this moment the father of the children happened to pass by, and to him they complained of "the lovely cheat," as they called the tree. He told them not to judge too rashly, but to be patient and wait until spring, and they would then find that the tree was not quite so much of a cheat as they supposed.

"O, tell us now, father," cried the children. "What will it bear?"

But all the reply he would make was, "Wait, and you will see."

And all through the fall, every leaf that fell from the maple murmured as it trembled in the air, "Wait, and you will see." And all through the long winter, as it tossed its naked branches to and fro on the wind, the tree wondered and wondered, and ever sighed, "Wait, and you will see."

At length soft breezes stole through the trees, the ice began to melt in the brooks, the buds to swell on some of the early shrubs, and everything to wear an early spring-time hue.

Then the father, without the knowledge of his children, went and tapped the maple tree, and in a few days had a dozen little cakes of nice brown maple sugar. He laid them upon a branch of the tree, and then took the children out to see its fruits. They had never seen any before, and when they had tasted it were fairly wild with delight, and declared that the old tree which they had all abused so in the fall was worth more than all the nut trees in the woods together.

As for the poor maple, it was satisfied at last. It found that its life was not altogether useless. It had ministered to the happiness of others, and was content. But by and by, when summer came, and the leaves were green upon all the trees, and the birds were singing from every branch, a little brown wren came and sat upon one of its inmost branches, and told it how some of its fruits had been sent back to the children's far-off city home. How a little cripple boy ate of it, and dreamed of the green woods and gushing waters where he had played in his health. How a poor mother's eyes ran over as a cake of it was placed in her hands, for it would please her pale little daughter who lay sick and lonely upon a bed of pain. How it rejoiced the hearts of the old, for it brought back to their memories the days of their childhood, when their homes were in the green woods.

And the old tree bowed all its leaves in humility, and whispered to the little bird the tale of its long years of waiting, and its repining at its lowly lot, while all the time he who made it was reserving it for the greater usefulness when *his* time should come!

Narratives, Anecdotes, &c.

MORE THAN WE WANT, AND ALL FOR NOTHING.

"So you won't give me anything!"

"You needn't have put it in that way; I've got nothing to give," said Allan Barrow. "Nobody gives to me. I get nothing but what I work for and pay for, and it's rather hard to come upon such folks; you should go to them as you may say that gets plenty for nothing, and have more than they want."

And old Allan Barrow leaned both his elbows on his garden fence, and turned away from the person he spoke to.

The person he spoke to was a gray-headed man, in workman's clothes. He carried a little book in one hand, and in the other a pencil ready to write.

"You have told me of two sorts of people," said Silas Payne, "that I don't expect to meet with—those that have nothing but what they pay for, and those that have more than they want."

"Very like," said Allan; "but there's some of both in the world; for all that, I've got nothing but what I pay for, but I haven't got more than I want."

Silas smiled and shook his head.

"What d'ye shake your head at?" asked Allan gruffly.

"Why, at the mistake you are in, friend," answered Silas, "in thinking you pay for everything."

"Make it out that it's a mistake, and I'll give you leave to put me down five shillings in your book," said Allan.

"Thank you," said Silas; "but before I begin to do it, will you just give me a draught from your well? It's the best water anywhere about."

"That it is," answered Allan, readily getting a cup for him; "and it's a prime thing for me, that can't drink much of anything else."

"Ay; what should we do without water," said Silas, taking a deep draught, "when you come to think how it comes into all things that keep life together?"

"Oh, it's wonderful useful," replied Allan; "may be the most useful thing in life."

"As for that," said Silas, "we couldn't live in it, though we couldn't live well without it. Air, good fresh air, is the thing we couldn't by any means do without."

"And for *that*," said Allan, "you'll never have finer than this as blows over the common. I take it, it's worth ten years of life to be in good air."

"You are right there," said Silas, "and I should say you're a proof of it; you look as firm as a rock, and as red as a rose."

"Not amiss," said Allan; "never knew much about sickness."

"And yet you've lived many years," said Silas.

"Just up to my threescore and ten," answered Allan, nodding.

Silas began to write in his book.

"What are you putting down?" asked Allan.

"Your name for five shillings," said Silas: "didn't you say that I should have it if I could prove that you had things more than you want that you neither work nor pay for?"

"Yes; but you've never begun to do that yet," said Allan.

"What do you pay for air?" asked Silas.

"Pooh! nonsense!" said Allan.

"For water?" said Silas.

"Pooh!" said Allan again.

"For health, and having been brought through threescore years and ten?" continued Silas.

"Ah, as to *them*—of course we never count up the things that God gives us," said Allan; "I wasn't thinking of them."

"No, friend; few people do think of them," said Silas. "The best blessings—I mean of those belonging to this life—are such as cannot be bought with silver or gold; and they are freely given to the rich and poor, without any difference—yes, and more than they want—and are taken as matters of course without praise or thanks to the Giver. Come, now I have shown you that you don't pay for the things that you couldn't live without, and I could tell you of many more—can't you find in your heart to give something to give poor sinners, young and old, a knowledge of the better blessings of salvation through Jesus Christ? Surely such a thank-offering would be but becoming."

"Well," said Allan, putting his hand into his pocket, "I'm not against giving you a trifle, but I didn't know you was going to talk that way, when I said about the five shillings."

"Name your own sum," said Silas. "Give what you will, it must be trifling, in comparison with what you have received. I've told you of four blessings that the bank couldn't buy; aren't they worth a shilling apiece?"

Old Allan smiled, and taking out two half-crowns, "Well, there's a fifth that is worth another; and that's a friend that is faithful to remind one of one's duty; so you needn't scratch out my name,—here's the five shillings."

THE WRONG SERMON.

A FEW years ago, a minister of Christ, then young, had occasion for a single half day to supply a pulpit to which he was an entire stranger. It was only two miles from the place

of his temporary sojourn, and arrangements were made for his conveyance within the last half hour preceding the service. In his ignorance of the particular religious condition of the people he was to address, he selected, and, by way of preparation for the service, carefully read over, a sermon which he thought would do no harm, if it did no good, in any circumstances that might exist.

Greatly to the preacher's discomfort, the person who was to carry him to the church did not call for him till within a few moments of the hour for service. In the excitement and agitation of this unexpected delay, he then hastily seized, as he supposed, the selected sermon, and hurried away. It was in a state of body and mind sadly contrasting with that which he had hoped to possess, that he entered the sanctuary, and ascended the pulpit, to whose empty seat the waiting congregation had been for some time looking in wonder.

Scarcely had he reached this conspicuous position, "the observed of all observers," before the prompt old sexton was by his side, with the familiar, and sometimes trying, demand for, "Your hymns, sir." For this trial, however, the preacher had provided, in part, as he had carefully noted the hymns on the margin of his chosen sermon. Very confidently, therefore, he took from his pocket the manuscript, that he might transcribe the numbers, when lo! he was appalled to discover that in his haste he had brought the wrong sermon—a sermon designed specially for anxious inquirers! There was, however, no time for debate, nor deliberation, nor even apology; and the only course left to pursue was to give the sexton the hymns that first occurred, and forthwith proceed with the service.

Whether the people discovered the emotion which agitated the young preacher, the writer never knew; but before the sermon was half delivered, it was evident there was emotion in the congregation. A marked stillness pervaded the whole house. Here and there was a hearer bathed in tears. What could it mean?

The preacher had another engagement elsewhere in the afternoon, and was obliged to leave the place immediately after the service, without stopping to ascertain what it meant. But within two or three days, he received a most welcome message from two different sources, in which was expressed the greatest gratitude to God that a stranger had been sent to N. to preach *that particular sermon* on that Sabbath.

One lady, who, for many months, had abandoned herself to almost utter despair, and to whom the kindest and best of Christian counsel had, again and again, been addressed in vain, while she listened, saw, as if the light of heaven had suddenly broken upon it, *the way* to be justified and saved, and at once emerged from the darkness and wretchedness of her soul's protracted imprisonment, into the joys of a conscious and complete deliverance. Others were led to inquire after the way of life, and a precious season of refreshing followed.

The writer's object in relating this incident from a sketch-book of ministerial memories, is to magnify the guiding, rescuing, and saving grace of God. If the young preacher had been left to carry out his own short-sighted plan, he would, perhaps, have gone into the pulpit full of self-confidence, and possibly a little proud of his "little sermon." But he has no reason to believe that his effort would have reached a single heart, or been instrumental in loosing from the bonds of distress a single daughter of spiritual darkness. Man appointed; God disappointed, and saved thereby a soul from death. Let him be praised that the wrong sermon was, at least in this case, the right sermon.

THE ENGLISH NOBLEMAN AND HIS DAUGHTER.

The daughter of an English nobleman was providentially brought under the influence of the followers of Wesley, and thus came to the saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. The father was almost distracted at the event, and by threats, temptations to extravagance in dress, by reading, travelling in foreign countries and to places of fashionable resort, took every means in his power to divert her mind from "things unseen and eternal." But her "heart was fixed." The God of Abraham had become her "shield and

exceeding great reward," and she was determined that nothing finite should deprive her of her infinite and eternal portion in him, or displace him from the centre of her heart. At last the father resolved upon a final and desperate experiment, by which his end should be gained, or his daughter ruined as far as her prospects in life were concerned. A large company of the nobility were invited to his house. It was so arranged that during the festivities the daughters of different noblemen, and among others this one, were to be called on to entertain the company with singing and music on the piano. If she refused compliance, she would be publicly disgraced, and lose, past the possibility of recovery, her place in society. It was a dreadful crisis, and with peaceful confidence did she await it. As the crisis approached, different individuals at the call of the company performed their parts with the greatest applause. At last the name of his daughter was announced. In a moment all were in fixed and silent suspense to see how the scale of destiny would turn. Without hesitation, she arose, and with calm and dignified composure took her place at the instrument. After a moment spent in silent prayer, she ran her fingers along the keys, and then, with sweetness, elevation, and solemnity, sang, accompanying her voice with notes of the instrument, the following stanzas:—

"No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne.

"Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure,
And when I fall on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

"Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my guide, be thou my way,
To glorious happiness!
Write thou thy pardon on my heart!
And oh, whene'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace!"

The minstrel ceased. The solemnity of eternity was upon that assembly. Without speaking, they dispersed. The father wept aloud, and when alone, sought the counsel and prayers of his daughter for the salvation of his soul. His soul was saved, and his great estate consecrated to Christ.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

A TRAVELLER who was crossing the Alps, was overtaken by a snow-storm at the top of a high mountain. The cold became intense. The air was thick with sleet, and the piercing wind seemed to penetrate his bones. Still the traveller, for a time, struggled on. But at last his limbs were benumbed, a heavy drowsiness began to creep over him, his feet almost refused to move, and he lay down on the snow to give way to that fatal sleep which is the last stage of extreme cold, and from which he would certainly never have waked again in this world.

Just at that moment he saw another poor traveller coming along the road. The unhappy man seemed to be, if possible, even in a worse condition than himself, for he, too, could scarcely move; all his powers were frozen, and he appeared to be on the point to die.

When he saw this poor man, the traveller who was just going to lie down to sleep made a great effort. He roused himself up, and crawled, for he was scarcely able to walk, to his dying fellow-sufferer.

He took his hands into his own and tried to warm them. He chafed his temples; he rubbed his feet; he applied friction to his body. And all the time he spoke cheering words into his ear and tried to comfort him.

As he did thus, the dying man began to revive, his powers were restored, and he felt able to go forward. But this was not all; for his kind benefactor too was recovered by the efforts which he had made to save his friend. The exertion of rubbing made the blood circulate again in his own body. He grew warm by trying to warm the other. His drowsiness went off, he no longer wished to sleep, his limbs returned again to their proper force, and the travellers went on their way together, happy and congratulating one another on their escape.

Soon the snow-storm passed away, the mountain was crossed, and they reached their homes in safety.

If, dear reader, you feel your heart cold toward God, and your soul almost ready to perish, try to do something which may help another soul to life and make his heart glad; and you will often find it the best way to warm and restore and gladden your own!

A Page for the Young.

"OVER THE WAY."

A CHILD'S STORY.

"Won't it ever be dinner-time, mother?"

"Truly, child, I don't know."

Lucy was very hungry; not hungry like you, little people, who have had warm bread and milk already this morning, but hungry so that her little body was all one shiver under her little thin frock. You see there had been no dinner-time yesterday, and only supper the day before. Now, her mother was stitching so busily that she had only a sentence—like a knot in her thread here and there—to give Lucy in reply to her questions and remarks. If she finished that pile of shirts neatly enough,—and if the forewoman was neither busy nor cross, nor, as often happened, talking to the clerk,—then she would be paid.

And all these "ifs" lay between Lucy and her dinner.

Poor little Lucy! she sat curled up in the window-seat, to see the sunshine if she could not feel it; it shone on the other side of the way.

"Over the way" seemed to have fulness of riches; for, besides the sunshine, it had a baker's shop, where, an hour before, Lucy had watched the dinners go in to be baked. They had looked tempting then, but now, O dear! Lucy watched them—soft, pale-brown, batter puddings; crisp bursting potatoes, brown with gravy; and once, after a leg of pork, there came through the drafty window such a fragrance of onions as made the little watcher clasp her hands with a long "O!" of pleasure and longing.

You may not agree with her as to the perfume of onions; but then, you see, Lucy's nose was not educated, only hungry, which is quite another thing.

By and by, it seemed that all the dinners had been fetched except one—that stood on the counter, cooling rapidly.

"What could the people be about that belonged to it?"—not that it belonged to—Lucy's thoughts were hungry.

"Perhaps they've forgotten it; perhaps they're dead; then nobody'll have it. O, what a pity!"

Lucy's last thought was so energetic that it jumped to her lips, but nobody answered. It was such a beautiful dinner! in spite of the shade of the shop, Lucy's far-sighted eyes could see that; a large round piece of beef, baked to a brownish red, and all round about it, and over and under it, just like things of no consequence, were those potatoes, and nobody came for all this.

"Mother, I don't believe it's wicked to steal!"

"Truly, child, I don't know."

Lucy's mother had been a Quakeress till she married, and was a good woman still, but it seemed to take all there was of her to keep Lucy alive at all—any sort of a child; and now, between work, and hunger, and cold, she was almost in a snow-sleep; so she never noticed Lucy get down off her perch and run into the street.

"I must smell it—I must smell it," said Lucy to herself; and she went and stood at the baker's door.

"I must just touch that warm dish!" and Lucy went in. No one was in the shop, and there was one potato just on the edge of the dish.

"I'm sure it will fall over and be broke, and then somebody'll tread on it; such a pity!" This time Lucy's thoughts did not reach her lips, but something else did; that tempting potato—first one bite, then another; then it was all gone.

"Why, you little thief!" Lucy was sure it was a giant's voice, it sounded so high up, and so loud, after her mother's weak one; and, yes, that must be a giant's hand laid on her shoulder; but of course it wasn't a giant, you know; it was good Mrs. Bacon, the bakeress, who had more children than you could count when they were all running about, and who, if she had known how hungry Lucy was, would have given her, not somebody else's potato, perhaps, but a bit of her own dinner; but, you see, she did not know, and that was the mischief.

"Speak, child," and Mrs. Bacon gave

another shake; she thought Lucy was sulky, the one unpardonable sin among her own children; but between the food and the fright, Lucy felt sick and dizzy, and hot and cold, until she could not understand herself, much less Mrs. Bacon.

"You evil little thing!" Another shake, and Lucy, feeling the world go round for the first time in her life, fell flat on the floor.

"O, goodness gracious! Bacon, I've been and killed a child!" It was quite consistent with the scene that "Bacon" should appear through a trap-door in the floor, as he did, all flour and astonishment, to find his wife with a little ragged girl in her lap.

"What on earth shall I do?"

"Put her in some warm water." Mrs. Bacon, who ruled the household generally, always obeyed her husband in troublous times; so, before long, Lucy woke up in water; it was queer, certainly, but on the whole satisfactory; and she was about to close her eyes again, just feeling the soft warm water lapping her limbs, when Mrs. Bacon said:

"O, do wake up, there's a lamb, my pretty!" You see she had forgotten all about the "little thief" by now, and saw only a child like one of her own; but so thin! I rather think some of the warm water on Lucy's neck had salt in it.

"Do wake up!" Really it seemed worth while; the state of things was puzzling, but then it was scarcely needful to unpuzzle one's-self, when the conundrum consisted of eyes, nose, ears, being greeted by a dancing fire, a smell of warm bread and things delicious, and a whispered order of "porridge directly." The porridge came just as Lucy was dressed—first in her own things, which were clean enough, and then in a frock belonging to Polly Bacon, who came to gaze with admiring awe at a little girl hungry enough to eat porridge.

"Where do you live, little girl?" said Polly, thinking, perhaps, that porridge-liking might come under the manners and customs of some distant region.

"Over the way," said Lucy. Mrs. Bacon rather drew back; she remembered the potato for the first time. It is not exactly pleasant to have people, with indistinct notions of the rights of property, living "over the way."

"Well, I'll take you over." Just as they were crossing the road, a wild-looking woman with a big bundle ran out of the house opposite, and Lucy, calling out, "Mother, mother!" ran over and caught hold of her, just escaping a butcher's horse with no eyes to spare for little girls.

"That child will be dead before she's done with," said Mrs. Bacon.

"Let's speak to the mother," said Mr. Bacon. So they went up to Lucy's mother, who was trembling and crying.

"O, Lucy! naughty girl, where have you been?"

"It's all right, ma'am," said Mrs. Bacon; "we'll see to her, if you like, while you take home your work."

Certainly, it was time the work went—so Lucy's mother had to go too—and her visitors followed Lucy up-stairs to her apartment. Such a room—high up, and low, dark, and unshaded, bare and crowded—it seemed wonderful how it could contrive to have so many contradictory qualities without one pleasant one. In all the course of two comfortable lives, the gazers had never seen such a room. Mrs. Bacon felt a strong desire to relieve herself by scolding somebody, but a lump in her throat cut short the speech, and made it the shortest, most grotesquely eloquent one she had ever made—just "O, Bacon!" and she laid her hand on her husband's shoulder.

"It's pitiful, isn't it, old woman? I'll run over for some firing," and he went, coming back so speedily that the fire was lit before Lucy knew what was going to happen. The chimney had been idle so long that it gave all the trouble it could; but when it was conquered, the bright warm flames began to dance, and so did Lucy.

"O! what will mother say? There's a fire, there's a fire!" and she bent down her little body in front of it, spreading out her arms as if she could hug it, and repeating:

"O! there's a fire, what will mother say? It's so-o nice!" and what should Lucy do but fall fast asleep with her hands clasped like a child in a picture with angels watching her.

By and by Lucy's mother came back, to find, not only the fire, but a pot of Irish stew.

"Lucy, Lucy! wake up, child; what's happened?"

"O! I don't know, mother; it's all beautiful; but I don't know anything," which was true; her little life had run on so fast that she had got behind it, somehow. But they were both too hungry to do anything but eat, with food at hand; so the question was "laid on the table," as they say in Parliament. Just as dinner was done, Mrs. Bacon came in, and had such a long talk with Lucy's mother that the little one forgot to listen, until she heard:

"Well, never go without a dinner again; with three of my children, just babies, I can always find you plenty of work."

"Did you ever hear, ma'am, of the 'blessing of those ready to perish?' because you will have it to-night."

"I've had more blessings all my life than I ever deserved," said good Mrs. Bacon, with such a pleasant light in her motherly eyes, that I think, had you been there to see, you must have kissed her at the risk of flouring your face. She kept her word. Lucy never went without dinner any more.

Our Sunday Schools.

THE PRECISE RELATION THAT THE SUNDAY SCHOOL SHOULD SUSTAIN TO THE CHURCH.*

It is often said by the zealous Sunday school teacher, that the church and its officers fail to take the deep and the practical interest in the Sunday school work which its importance unquestionably demands. Those of us who are intimately acquainted with Sunday schools must allow that there is some ground for the complaint. The minister is not in the Sunday school what he is in the congregation—chief teacher and master spirit. Deacons, as such, have neither place nor power in the Sunday school. There are exceptions to this rule, but generally the practice, or rather the absence of practice, is as I have stated. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that teachers should now and then whisper something very like a censure on "the elders" of the people of God. In like manner, the church seldom, if ever, turns its attention to the state, or the needs, or the claims, of the Sunday school. The Sunday school is not one of the subjects that ordinarily engage the attention of our members at a church-meeting; and if perchance any earnest teacher were to ask to address the church on the difficulties or the requirements of the Sunday school, the probability is that he would be requested to mention the matter at the next teachers' meeting. I allow exceptions, but I fear I have correctly stated the rule. Who can wonder that the self-denying and active teacher occasionally pours out a lamentation that the church does not sympathize with and support the Sunday school as much as it ought to do?

On the other hand, there is on the part of the officers of the church an under-current of dissatisfaction with the Sunday school. It is supposed, whether truly or not I do not at present say, that the Sunday school is not, as it should be, a nursery for the church and a help to its minister and deacons; but is rather a separate establishment, under different management—a sort of independent body, resenting any interference by the church or its officers with its affairs, honestly believing that it has the right to exclude the church and its officers from its councils, and to prohibit them from exercising the least authority within its borders. The attitude of the Sunday school towards the church is thought to be, not antagonistic, by no means unfriendly, but thoroughly independent. The general impression among our ministers and deacons is, that, in the opinion of the teachers, the church, as a matter of fact, has, and as a matter of right, should have, no more control over the

* The above paper was read by the Rev. CHARLES WILLIAMS, of Accrington, at the Quarterly Meeting of the East Lancashire Union of Baptist Churches, at Cloughfold, August 3rd.

Sunday school than the Sunday school has over the church. There may be a few church officers who do not sympathize with this feeling, but facts justify me in asserting that our "elders" for the most part take the view of Sunday schools that I have described, and are not quite satisfied with things as they are.

If there exists this mutual dissatisfaction—not to say distrust—it is important that we should inquire into the subject. As Christian men, we should deal honestly alike with ourselves and with our work. What, then, is the relative position of the Sunday school and the church? In answering this question, I make no note of exceptions. Isolated cases may be cited which do not bear out my statements, but apparently contradict them. I am glad to know that such cases can be cited. Still, we have to do with Sunday schools as a whole; and I shall therefore attempt to give a true account of the general, and not the exceptional, state of things in our Sunday schools. The Sunday school is a little republic, making its own laws, electing its own officers, and governing itself. Some of my hearers may remind me that the pastor of the church is, in most instances, also president of the Sunday school. He holds this office, however, during the pleasure of the teachers. In some schools, the president, with the superintendent and other officers, is elected annually, and it is quite competent to the teachers to appoint any man, whether minister or otherwise, to occupy the post; and, in other schools, a rule determines that the pastor be president, but even here the rule can be altered or annulled by the teachers, should they wish to deprive the minister of the office. As with the presidency, so with all other appointments, the teachers are the source of power, the legislators, the court of appeal, the supreme and the final authority. Only by the vote of the teachers, or by virtue of a rule laid down by the teachers, can any reform be effected, or business be transacted, or good be done in the Sunday school. The theory of the Sunday school is that of a religious educational republic, self-contained and self-governed. It exists alongside and not as part of the church. The Sunday school has no well-defined relation to the church—it is an independent organization friendly to but not united with the church, many of its constituents being also members of the church, but which nevertheless claims and exercises a separate jurisdiction. Whether this loose connection is all that is practicable and desirable, is debatable, and the entire question is raised by the topic of this paper,—*The precise relation that the Sunday school should sustain to the church and its officers.*

Ought we to regard the Sunday school as an agency of the church? I answer—all the friends of Sunday schools answer—Yes. What do you propose to yourselves as the end of the Sunday school work? Is it the mere teaching of children and young people to read? Is it the mere fitting of our youth to take their part and to perform their duties as citizens of the world? Is it the mere sowing in the soil of the human heart of the seeds of social virtues? Are you toiling in the Sunday school only for your country and only for time? Will the increased intelligence, the improved morality, and the greater respectability of the rising generation, fully compensate all your labours, and be the realization of your fondest hope, in respect to the Sunday school? Every Christian will reply, "*No;* most emphatically No." And yet, what is the fact? Our Sunday schools have served the world more efficiently than they have served the church. During the last quarter of a century the Sunday school system has been the means of immense and incalculable social and moral benefit to England—to Lancashire more especially. Tens of thousands, who have turned their backs on our chapels and "walk no more with us," owe their education, their first impulse upward and onward toward a higher social life, the restraints which have kept them from crime, and the principles which have made them virtuous, to our Sunday schools. The Sunday school has trained nine-tenths of the wives of these manufacturing districts; and if the homes of our working people are cleaner and happier than they were thirty years ago, it is mainly due to the influence of the Sunday school on our young women. I rejoice in all this. As an Englishman, I am profoundly thankful to Sunday school teachers for the invaluable service

which they have rendered to my country. But, as a Christian, I lament that the church has not been benefited as much as the world. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the vast majority of those who pass through our Sunday schools never even identify themselves with our congregations, much less become members in our churches. The many go away from us into the world; the few stay and are numbered with the people of God. And of these few a large proportion are children of regular attendants at the house of God, and who would probably have been hearers and doers of the Word, if there had been no Sunday school. Take the 390 young people in Cloughfold Sunday school, or the 410 in the Sunday school at Pleasant Street, Haslingden, or the 1219 in the Sunday schools connected with Blackburn Road Chapel, Accrington; ascertain how many of the scholars in these Sunday schools, whose parents are not attendants on public worship, have risen from the school to the church or congregation during the last ten years; and then compare this number with the total number of young people that have left school and chapel—what, think you, will be the result? We should be astonished to learn that so few have been trained for the church, that so many, with scarcely an effort to retain them, have been permitted to be lost in the world. As an educational agency, for securing moral and social good, Sunday schools are a great success; but, as an agency of the church, for increasing its membership and adding to its congregation, Sunday schools are almost, not altogether, a failure. How is this? Shall I tell you? Will you, Sunday school teachers, receive kindly what I say out of an honest and loving heart, because I desire the good of Sunday schools? Then, I answer, partly, doubtless, because Sunday school teachers do not receive the sympathy and the support of our ministers and deacons, and are not cared for and watched over by the church; but, mainly, because the Sunday school is too much secular and too little sacred in its spirit and its aims; because, while professing to be anxious for the salvation of the souls of their scholars, the teachers instruct them more in "the letter" than in "the spirit" of the Bible; because the Sunday school is not made the porch of the chapel and a nursery to the church; because teachers do not regard themselves as helpers to the minister; because the Sunday school is not an agency of the church. I would respectfully submit to my brethren that, if the Sunday school stood in a closer relation to the church, if it were a part of the church, it would be no less useful to the world, and it would be unspeakably more useful to "the kingdom of God." On this, I am persuaded, we are all at one. Every man of us wishes to see the Sunday school rendered more efficient in serving Christ, and in doing a work that shall outlive time and bear fruit in eternity. The division between the Sunday school and the church is unnatural, for the Sunday school ought to be the church seeking to bless the young. Why should they not be one and the same body? Wherefore should not the Sunday school be a church agency? It seems to me to be too much and too frequently forgotten that, while the church was instituted by Christ, the Sunday school has no claim to be regarded as a scriptural institution, save as part of the church. The church is "the body of Christ." Its mission is to speak the words and to do the will of Christ. We know "the mind of Christ" about young people; that Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." Christ blessed the young. And as it is the office of the body to obey the commands of its head, the church, as the body of Christ, should express its interest in, and love for, and grace toward, "the little children." Other reasons will occur to you in support of our conclusion, in which I venture to think most of you agree with me, that the Sunday school ought to be an agency of the church.

This involves the introduction of the church element into the Sunday school. The Sunday school, if a church agency, should no longer be a distinct and separate organization, should cease to be an independent republic, distinguishable from, though in alliance with, "the kingdom of God." The church, being equally responsible for teaching the young as for preaching to adults, is under the most solemn obligation to supply the needs of the Sunday school.

Whenever the Sunday school is in want of counsel, the church should give it; or teachers, the church should provide them; or other help, the church should render it. The wisdom, the resources, and the prayers of the church should be pledged to the Sunday school enterprise. Nor should the officers of the church any longer keep aloof from the Sunday school. The minister should be the shepherd of the whole flock, carrying the lambs in his bosom as well as leading the sheep into green pastures; and to be this, he must be the chief teacher and the master spirit in the Sunday school. The "elders" should guide and aid the Sunday school as a church agency. In brief, the distinction between Sunday school and church should cease. They ought not to be two bodies but one body. They ought not to be under different but under the same management. They ought not to hold separate meetings. The church, I submit, ought to be the legislative and the governing body—making laws, appointing officers, and controlling business. The church and its officers should not shrink from responsibility, should not fail in their duty, should not transfer to other shoulders their burdens, should not hand over the grateful task of blessing little children to another organization. Were I a Sunday school teacher, I would try to bring them to their post, to persuade them to take their proper place, to induce them to encourage and to direct the teachers of our Sunday schools. And I doubt whether our churches, with their bishops and deacons, will ever discharge their obligations to the young, whether our Sunday schools, with their superintendents and teachers, will ever become efficient nurseries for the church, till some such union as that which I have suggested has been effected.

I hesitate to say more, though I have barely crossed the threshold of the subject. Already, perhaps, I have said too much. My apology for speaking at all is, that you asked me to do so. Having undertaken the task, I could do none other than raise the question, which I have tried to do fairly, notwithstanding the impossibility of doing it fully,—the precise relation that the Sunday school should sustain to the church and its officers.

Our Societies.

THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The following account of ten days' missionary life in the north of Jessore, is from the pen of the Rev. W. H. Hobbs:—

"About six months ago the providence of God directed my special attention to Magoorah, one of the sub-divisions of the large district of Jessore. At this place resides a pious Indigo planter, who having been recently brought to the foot of the cross himself, naturally feels a deep sympathy with the ignorant masses around him; and knowing nothing so capable of elevating them as the Gospel, gave me an invitation to come and preach to his ryots (tenants). Having done so almost continuously for six months, I one day said to the three preachers located here, 'Brethren, I must now adopt the language of Jesus, "I must go to other cities also, for therefore was I sent." I understand there is a large tract of country on the banks of the Kalegunga, thickly populated, but whose inhabitants have scarcely ever heard the words of the great life and salvation in which we rejoice. We will go and visit them, and tell them what we know. Madan, brother, you must stay at home, superintend the school, preach in Magoorah bazaar, get ready for the next conference examination, and take charge of the women and children; and you, Madhob, and you, Mandari, will to-morrow accompany me in my boat upon a ten days' missionary tour. We will proceed slowly, preach often, distribute many tracts, and sell all the Scriptures we can.'

"Accordingly, the next morning (Wednesday, October 14), leaving Magoorah behind us, we proceeded up the broad Koomar river. Our first visit was to a village called Serepore, belonging to the Rajah Proshonno. In a few minutes about a score of persons assembled around us, who eyed me with great suspicion, imagining that I was some government official, who had been sent to arrange some law-suit of the Rajah's; but on ascertaining that I was a missionary, they became quite assured, and laying down their darling pipes, said they were ready to hear our words. We preached to them alter-

nately for about half an hour. Although only ten miles from Magoorah, they knew nothing of the Gospel; in fact, the name of Jesus was quite unknown to any of them, except a young Brahmin, who appeared to have heard it only that he might hate and revile it. As we were returning to the boat, I said to Madhob, 'Brother, do you think they have understood us?' To which he replied, 'Not much of our discourse has sunk into their minds. Of course they have understood our words, but the ideas we preach are so new to them, that they remember but very little.' 'Say you so, Madhob! then let us return and go through the plan of mercy once more.' 'But, sir, we shall not be able to get them together again; they will think they have heard enough.' 'Perhaps so; but have you never heard what Paul wrote, "Being crafty, I caught you with guile"? The devil is crafty enough in a bad cause; we must try and thwart him, by being as wise as serpents in a good one. Run to the boat, and get the big Bible, and depend upon it, when they see me open it, and hear me chant a verse, they will all come together again.' It was even so. They listened attentively for half an hour longer, after which we questioned them upon what we had said; but I was grieved to find that they retained but little, save the two facts that Jesus was born of a virgin, and must have been a very excellent man. Only two amongst them could read.

"Oct. 15th.—This morning early went on shore at the village of Baitahhale. The men said it was so cold they could not come out of their houses to listen. If we returned in two hours they would hear what we had to say. Hereupon Mandari, getting a little annoyed at their unconcern, told them that perhaps before two hours had passed, some one might be called away from earth; and knowing nothing of the true God, who would judge us for our every deed, was a sad condition in which to die. To this, one man, dropping his pipe for a moment, replied, 'I am not afraid to die; what is there in death?' Whilst another remarked, 'Let others say what they please, every one has a destiny, and nothing can occur contrary to it. If it is my destiny to be a good man, God will make me good; if he does not do so, it is his fault, and not mine; what can I do?' I began to show them how wicked it was, as well as unreasonable, to charge God with making them sin, and then punishing them because they did so; but they did not heed me much, and continued to say it was so cold. 'Cold!' said I, 'to be sure it is. But do you know what people in England do to warm themselves? No, I am sure you do not.' The very mention of what happens in England aroused their attention immediately, as I knew it would do, and a volley of questions was at once discharged at me, such as—1. 'Is it really true that English ladies go to the market and buy things themselves?'—2. 'How many quarts of milk used you to get for a rupee in your country?'—3. 'Did you have a large farm at home, and how much rice did you grow?'—4. 'Have you ever seen the great, great Queen, and is she not very, very beautiful?'—5. 'Do poor people in England live in bamboo houses?' &c. I replied, 'Do you think that I intend to stand here like a labourer, and answer all these questions? Let us go to that old broken house yonder, bring me a stool to sit upon, and then I will tell you all you want to know, and more beside.' Before I could reach the place, a score were there, earnest to know about anything, everything, rather than the way to escape from the wrath to come. Having explained to them sliding, leap-frog, and a variety of other athletic exercises, and disposed of their questions, I said, 'Now I have one more thing to tell you, viz., how the English people worship God, and what kind of a religion they believe.' This, of course, opened up the glorious theme of salvation; and whilst I detailed what Jesus had done for wicked, helpless men, my brethren contrasted the Christian religion with the Hindoo, and entreated them to forsake their sins.

"From this place we went on to another village (Joynugger), and finding that most of the men had gone out to plough, we preached to about twenty persons, mostly women, left a few tracts, and departed. At 3 p.m. we reached the large village of Sharandee, on the Kalegunga river, and sending Madhob and Mandari into the interior of the village, I took my station near the ghat, and in a few minutes had fifty people pressing around me. Many of them belonged to the higher classes, and paid great attention. They seemed clearly to apprehend the plan of mercy through an atoning Redeemer, but remarked that they could not receive it, for it seemed such an injustice to punish a great and good person like Jesus for the sins of other people. '*I would not do such a thing myself*,' remarked a young Brahmin, 'and God is more intelligent than I am.' I proceeded to show him that it was just because God was so much wiser than men, that such a means had been devised, and read to him a portion of the language of Paul, 'Eye hath not seen,' &c. I endeavoured to show him that the doctrine of substitution, so far from being considered unjust by men, was brought into active exercise in every-day life. He said he could not recollect a case in point. I asked him if he had never known one person become bail for another, and if it was not a common occurrence for the rajah or zemindar to save the ryot from arrest by paying the expenses connected with his law-suit? 'O yes, sir,' he replied, 'all that sort of thing is common enough; I have done it myself.' 'You have? What, have *you too* been subjected to such injustice? Why should you smart for the faults of others? Do you not think that the laws which allow this need a most searching revision?' He seemed a little disconcerted, but replied, 'I am not aware, sir, that there was any injustice in the matter; what I did, I did of my own accord.' 'My good friend,'

said I, 'you are putting arguments in my mouth; see how your words apply. You pay the law-suit expenses of some of your ryots to prevent them from being sent to prison; and when I suggest that the law be revised which thus allows such a system to operate, you say there is no injustice in it; what I do, I do voluntarily; the claimant gets his money, and what more can he or any one else wish for? Now listen, Brahmin. When Jesus gave himself for our sins, *he did so voluntarily*. God wanted not money, but atonement for past transgression, and obedience for the future. This we could not give, but Christ could, and he gave it; what more can anybody want? Therefore, where is the injustice?' He replied, 'Sir, what you say is forcible; but it would never do to apply it to matters of life and death.' I replied, 'Your objection has but little force. You admit the principle upon which the atonement of Jesus rests (substitution), but deny its application. Do you not see that anything that is morally just, cannot be unjust because it is extensively developed? Suppose you are a kind, merciful man; people would regard you with complacency, would they not? If you became very much kinder still, would you expect people to deny that you were kind at all? Surely not. Come, let us examine this matter a little more closely. Do you believe that God hates sin, and that he will punish sinners?' 'Yes, I believe both.'—'Do you imagine that God takes pleasure in chastising transgressors?' 'No.'—'Then why does he punish?' 'I don't exactly know.'—'Why do you sometimes beat your boy?' 'I am obliged to do so, sir; if I did not, the whole of my family would get insubordinate.'—'Then you beat the boy, partly for his own fault, and partly as an example?' 'You have exactly described it, sir.'—'You seem to be somewhat particular, I think, in exacting respect.' 'Sir, if respect goes, all goes.'—'When your boy has acted naughtily, if you knew a way of securing your respect without beating him, would you beat him?' 'I scarcely know what to say, sir; I think, perhaps, I might then pull his ears, and let him go.'—'Very good, my friend; you are one of the frankest Brahmins I have ever met. Now see what your answers lead to. God is our Father, but more, he is our Governor. He hates wrong-doers, and threatens wrong-doers with punishment. It is necessary for him to punish, for the world is his family; and, as you observed, "*if* respect goes, all goes." He punishes, not because he hates, but because punishment is the proper penalty for sin, and because it acts as a warning to others. But he is wiser than men, and what they could never originate, is easy work to him. To show his power, his wisdom, his mercy, and his justice, he has devised a means by which he can maintain his respect without heavily chastising his subjects. This is fully revealed to us in the Bible. God's adorable Son obeyed his law for us; and God has kindly consented to regard it as though we had done it ourselves; whilst his unspeakable condescension in becoming man, joined with his disgrace, suffering, and death, exhibit the determination of God to have his commands regarded, much more than if every sinner had suffered the punishment due to his sin. The result is that God is now willing to forgive sinners, and save them from everlasting misery; and all those who believe in and love their great Deliverer, meet with no other punishment save a little distress in this present world, which exactly agrees with your remark, "I would pull his ears, and let him go." Now, where is the injustice in this? Can you point it out to me?' 'Sir, I scarcely know what answer to give you; you take hold of my words and use them against me. I cannot receive what you say, and yet it seems to be true: I must consider the matter more fully. But, sir, I cannot yet understand how one man could make an atonement for so many millions.' Can you make it plain to us, sir?'—'To be sure I can; listen. You are a Brahmin, are you not?' 'Yes, sir, I am; and a Kuleen (highest grade) Brahmin.'—'Now, suppose I give you a good beating with my shoe, and afterwards go to that group of fishermen and beat them likewise. When the tidings reached your village, which would create the greatest consternation, the fact that I had humiliated you, or that I had beaten a hundred low-caste men? Would you measure the insult by the pain that the hundred suffered, or by the degradation to which the Kuleen Brahmin had been subjected?' Every one present admitted that the beating a Brahmin was of more consequence than beating a whole village full of common people. 'Pain, sir!' said an old man present, 'what is pain when compared with disgrace?'—'Now,' said I, 'it is just so in regard to the salvation effected by Jesus Christ. He is God's Kuleen Son, dearer to him than all the people in a hundred worlds. Anything that would humiliate him, and especially anything that should violently take away his life, would arrest the attention of all the angels in heaven; and would, moreover, teach every intelligent being, when he heard about it, that sin must indeed be a dreadful thing in the sight of God, to induce him to give up his darling Son that *his* respect might be maintained, and *sinners* saved from everlasting woe.' I then proceeded to show them that, although the principle of the atonement was perfectly just (the offering being voluntary, adequate, and accepted by God), still that it was not a principle necessary to be carried out among men to the extent of life and death; it being a great remedy for a great disease, and, as such, worthy of all acceptation. The result of this long conversation was, that one person bought a Testament, ten or twelve others, Gospels, and everybody was anxious that I would come again soon. Soon after my return to the boat the preachers came back, we loosened from this interesting spot, and before darkness set in, proclaimed the word in two other villages. When the moon arose we

went on shore, and preached for half an hour to about twenty-five persons, mostly mat-makers.

"Oct. 16.—To-day the Doorga Puja began (it lasts four days), and along the banks of the river groups of people were seen, engaged in sham-fighting, dancing, wrestling, and other manifestations of noisy, rollicking mirth. We landed at a place where a company of about two hundred were thus engaged. On seeing me many of them ran away; but on seeing me begin to read, they gained courage to return, and informed me that my checked woollen shirt and long beard had put them in mind of a planter who used to oppress them very much, and on first noticing me, they thought he had come back to beat them again. They listened attentively for about half an hour, and then returned to their sport. Not one of them would buy a book, and scarcely any one desired a tract. We went into the boat discouraged. Shortly afterwards we came upon another group, engaged in just the same games, but not quite so numerous as the former company. This party was as attentive as the other company was inattentive, listened with apparent interest for about an hour, kept up a lively discussion, and bought half a dozen Gospels. I found on inquiry that not one of the company knew anything about the Christian religion. Still going on, in the afternoon we came to a large bazaar, and going into a shop, we sat down, and told the people that we had come to bring them good news from heaven. After listening for about ten minutes, the chief man got up, saying it was past time to bathe, and he could not stay to hear more. His own religion was a very good one, and exceedingly old, and that he should be deserving of the curse of all good Brahmins if ever he was base enough to forsake it. In a minute or two we had the shop to ourselves much to the chagrin of Madhob, who looked as though he would say, 'Sir, they have given us the slip!' 'Come, brother,' said I, 'don't look so sad: if we cannot draw them one way, we must try another. Let us go over to yonder shed; I will sing an English tune, and see if that will bring them out of their houses.' Accordingly, repairing thither, I struck up the tune, Portugal New, to the words, 'Begone, unbelief,' &c. The men came out of their houses, the women and children peeped from the verandah, and before I had completed the verse nearly twenty persons had assembled. After a short time, the number doubled, and for an hour and a half they all listened with the most breathless attention. Amongst the crowd were four harlots, three of whom manifested much emotion when Madhob specially addressed himself to them. I was much moved at the remarks made by one of them: 'Padre Shahib, have compassion upon us; we were taught to be wicked when we were little girls. No one will marry us now; what else can we do? Put us in a place where we can be good, and then we will become good.' I could only promise them that when I visited the place again, if I found that they had abandoned their bad ways, I would befriend them. Cold comfort, this, some will think. Aye, so thought the missionary. But where is he to get the funds for building houses, conveying to new homes, and maintaining persons who profess sorrow for their past misdeeds? An immense number of tracts were distributed here, and more Gospels sold than at any place previously visited."

The following, from the Rev. W. H. Webley, gives an interesting account of the present position of the Mission in Hayti:—

"You will learn, I am sure, with very great pleasure, that just at the present time our heavenly Father seems to be singularly blessing the mission here.

"One dear girl, brought up in the old mission-school, and who has just lost her mother, seems at last hopefully brought to a knowledge of Jesus. Another, from the same school, who used to read her Testament in her father's garret, or in the woods adjoining his house, but who, for years past, as she says, has been stifling the voice of God in her conscience, seems again aroused, and this time, I trust, will brave all for Christ. May she have grace to do so! for she will have a tremendous struggle, not so much, perhaps, with her husband as with bigoted Catholic relations. Then a sort of half-sister of hers has just cast aside all her Romish trash, and is humbly and prayerfully searching the Scriptures. And, lastly, six persons from the surrounding mountains have been attending our services for some time past, and are now saying, 'We will go with you.' So here are nine souls we hope soon to gather into the fold of Christ.

"The members of the church, too, are more united, manifest a better feeling, and show more brotherly love, than perhaps has been the case since the unhappy residence of Lilaroix amongst them. Indeed, I have scarcely preached of late—at least for some Sabbaths past—without bitter, almost audible, weeping accompanying the preaching.

"It is not often now that strangers attend our services, unless they have some remote idea of one day casting in their lot with us,—the result, in great part, of a systematic course of persecution the priest of the town has for some time past adopted. Still, this even will pass off. The people will not be always led astray. Just now the awful Chili accident is engaging attention, and causing serious reflection; whilst even before that a remarkable spirit of inquiry had arisen in the minds of many of the people, partly, no doubt, on account of our large distribution of Scriptures and tracts during some eighteen years. These will some day bear precious fruit.

"An awful case of cannibalism has just come to light here, in connexion with the practices of the *vaudoux*. At Bizoton, about two miles from Port-au-Prince, there resided two wretches, a man and his woman, calling themselves human beings (!), who stole one

of their own nieces, a girl of about eight years of age, for a human sacrifice to their god the Snake; strangled her, flayed her, cut her up, cooked her, and then devoured her, burying only the hair and the bowels, and offering the blood to their god!

"Happily, another girl of fourteen, stolen from the high road to Port-au-Prince, and destined for another similar feast on Twelfth Day, escaped from them, and getting to Port-au-Prince, divulged the whole affair. The uncle and aunt, and six accomplices, four men and four women, have therefore been arrested, tried, condemned, and shot, whilst their dwellings have been burnt to the ground. I fear, from all we hear, that there is a good deal of this sort of thing in the country, imported from Africa in the time of slavery, and since handed down from father to son. I could divulge some awful secrets from notes made in Soulouque's time, but they are almost too harrowing to bear the light, and would hardly be believed. It is, however, but just to say that the populace of Port-au-Prince would have torn these wretches in pieces could they have got at them, and had not Government executed very summary punishment upon them. Since then, the *rundoux* are hiding their heads, trembling in their shoes, and anxiously looking out for what may transpire next. Their practices, too, are being energetically put down by the Government, whilst their drums, collected in large numbers, have been burnt in the streets of Port-au-Prince. It is, indeed, a good sign that Gifford and his Government feel themselves sufficiently powerful to carry these and similar measures into effect. Happily, too, such occurrences only render the Government, if possible, still more favourable to the propagation of the Truth by Protestant missionaries. The priests, in the island papers, are openly blamed for tolerating, if not encouraging, various superstitious practices amongst the people. Indeed, perhaps many, did they dare say as much, would admit that the Gospel is the very remedy for this very sad state of things."

Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

THE FESTIVAL OF JUGGERNAUT IN 1864.—*The Times'* correspondent, writing from Calcutta, gives the following painfully-interesting account of the festival of Juggernaut in June and July last:—

"The Snan Jattra and the Ruth Jattra are still two of the greatest festivals of Hindooism. They form the great Juggernaut saturnalia, so widely celebrated. Tens of thousands of persons, of all classes and ages, flock to attend them; women will walk thirty or forty miles in a day, carrying their children astride on their hips, to be present; and on the nights preceding the principal days the roadsides are filled with men, women, and children, lying down asleep, wearied out with their long march. In former times many were in the habit of increasing the general happiness by throwing themselves under the wheels of the Juggernaut car. That pleasure, as I thought, is now denied them. Government decided that it was better for them not to commit self-murder. I will tell you presently how far they heed the Government. The festival began on Sunday, the 19th of June, by the priests bringing forth the god to be bathed. It ended on the 6th of July, when the cars were drawn back by thousands of people, and the god was replaced in his home. I went to see both these ceremonies, and you may, perhaps, have some curiosity to know how the Hindoos, upon whose education we are spending so much time and thought, perform their religious rites at the present day within twenty miles of the capital of the empire.

"The enjoyment of a Bengalee out for a holiday consists in his eating pan till he is utterly stupefied, and making as much noise as the means which nature has given him will admit of. On the Sunday morning I speak of, they swarmed along under the influence of these pleasures, quite heedless of the temperature, which naturally was the first thing that struck the European. A June day in the plains of Bengal is not a good time for going out to see sights. On this occasion the thermometer marked 135 degs., and the ground beneath one's feet was like hot lava. Once fairly in the steaming crowd, the atmosphere was simply horrible, but the Hindoos thoroughly enjoyed it. The great living stream was suddenly stopped by a procession, which turned out of a narrow lane. It was preceded by tall fellows carrying silver wands, headed by an old one-eyed devotee, who looked ready either to worship his deity or commit a murder, on the spur of the moment. Then came a horde of lateewallahs—men carrying sticks to keep off the mob; then a few musicians, and after them the object to which every eye was turned, and to which every one was paying reverence by joining the hands and bringing them to the forehead in a supplicatory manner. This was the god Krishna, a little ugly wooden figure, dressed in bright colours and gold, and playing on a pipe. He sat on a sort of throne, and he had a canopy over his head to keep his blessed brains from addling in the sun. Be-

hind him came a vast tumultuous throng, ten times as numerous as that which ordinarily closes a London procession, but less boisterous and wild, for your Bengalee is a man of peace, and hates to get his head broken.

"With immense shouting they carried this potentate to a large platform, on which were already assembled a crowd of Hindoos, ministering to several huge blocks of wood, hideously daubed with red and yellow in the human likeness. One of these immense heads had an arm beneath it, made of brass, and with the open hand outstretched. Into this hand the pious poured two and four anna pieces, or pice, and the priests swept the money away as fast as the hollow palm was filled. The figure was Juggernaut himself. I asked a native who stood by what was done with the money. He replied to me by begging a cheroot—so rapid is the march of intellect in this country. Every now and then a tall lank figure came to the front of the platform and waved his long skinny arms wildly about; this is the signal for the crowd to shout, and they obeyed it without hesitation, and stood looking vacantly at the two gods on the platform and at Krishna. The sweetmeat and pan-sellers went continually among them, and there were also men selling rude images of animals, coloured a very bright red or blue. A scarlet and green cow sold for half an anna. This went on for a very long time without any variation, except when the contributions flagged, and the priests came forwards and cried out, and tom-toms were beaten and cymbals clashed around the gods. The people stood very patiently talking and toying with each other, after the Bengalee manner, until the priests brought some water from the holy Gunja, and dashed it over Juggernaut. Then the crowd set up a tremendous shout, and for a moment or two seemed excited. The money flowed in more briskly than ever, for now the god was bathed, and his spirit was appeased. By and by the rain fell in torrents, and these thousands of people dragged along the dreary roads or through the jungle to their huts reeking with damp and malaria.

"This part of the festival was a farce; that which followed on Wednesday last was a tragedy—a most sickening and revolting tragedy, which it was impossible to witness without horror and disgust. The crowd seemed infinitely more dense than it had ever been on the former occasion, and all along the road were booths filled with sweetmeats, hideous masks, trumpery Birmingham ware, and images of Juggernaut and Krishna, and other deities of the Hindoo mythology. It was a barbarous copy of a country fair. There were whistles and tom-toms, shell-fish, smelling horribly in the sun, huge 'jack' fruit, some damaged pine-apples, and here and there a rudely-contrived 'merry-go-round,' with stout baboos enjoying the sport which that machine is capable of furnishing. There are nautch girls, hideously ugly, chanting their drawling, monotonous strains to the music of an old fiddle and a tom-tom. Then there were little acrobats, who made 'Catherine wheels' like the boys who run, or used to run, by the side of omnibuses in London streets. There was also a stereoscope, with views of the last Great Exhibition, on show at one pice each person. The confusion was indescribable, and when a shower of rain came on, as happily it did once or twice, the throng seemed to get tied up in a knot and to be incapable of disentangling itself, or of doing anything but roll helplessly from one side of the road to the other.

"The centres of attraction were the two Juggernaut cars. These are immense lumbering masses of wood, about sixty feet in height, carved into all sorts of angles, and decorated on every square inch with figures of the deities. They are constructed in four stories, so to speak, and upon each of these a crowd of Brahmins and their friends were collected. Large idols were placed at each corner, and two ropes of great length were attached to the front of the car. They moved upon six heavy wheels, and the entire weight of the ponderous fabric must have been enormous. Hour after hour the multitude streamed past the cars, which were at some distance from each other, or they turned aside to a shed beneath which were placed a number of indecently-painted idols, afterwards decorated with a little drapery and hoisted on to the car. It was not till nearly four in the afternoon that a big gong was beaten on the topmost division of the first car, and with a great shout Juggernaut himself, swathed in red cloth, was brought to the spot. A rope was fastened to him, and with much exertion he was hoisted from stage to stage by the Brahmins—for by himself the god seemed rather helpless. They dragged him up and uncovered him, and the crowd salaamed to him in their usual fashion. A huge ugly thing he was, with enormous eyes, painted black with a broad white rim around them. Then another god was brought, and hoisted up in the same way, but to a lower division, and so on till all were full. The crowd meanwhile kept throwing garlands and donations to the Brahmins—dirty, common-looking men, with nothing whatever to distinguish them from the common mass except the white Brahminical thread over their shoulders. When the gods were all in their places, two large wooden horses were brought out, one blue and the other white, each with a thick tail sticking up at an angle of ninety degrees. These gay steeds were fastened to the car, and a Brahmin stood upon the back of each, holding by the rope.

"At this time the scene was extraordinary. Close by the side of the car was a large native house, broken and crumbling, like most native houses. Through iron bars in front of this house some women were peering, and on the roof there were more women of the zenana, with an old crone keeping watch and guard over them. On the other side of the road was a Juggernaut